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The Pathetic End of a Career

ONE needs a robust physical and mental constitution to be Prime Minister, and it has been pathetically obvious that Sir Anthony Eden lacked both. That his illness is serious the bulletin of the doctors makes clear. That it is closely related to his political failure is also clear. His collapse could provide a tragedian with a familiar theme: his is the story of a weak man who allowed anger and pride to dethrone his judgment, threw in his lot with tougher spirits and had not the stamina either to confess his error or to complete a course of violence that was alien to his nature and made nonsense of his record.

The immediate timing of the resignation was, of course, dictated by the doctors. But Sir Anthony would in any case have had to go for two quite separate, but fundamental, reasons. First, he was unable to hold his party together or command the loyalty of the rank-and-file on whom he had to depend when the storm began to blow. Secondly, he earned the distrust of the Commonwealth and the rest of the world to the point where British diplomacy had foundered. He was held in power for some weeks after he might have fallen—and even through the retreat to Jamaica—because his rivals and pretenders were unable to settle the succession between them.

Now, with the Middle East in chaos and the economic life of Britain half-starved by fuel shortage, with the Anglo-American alliance near the point of rupture, with the Commonwealth divided as never before, and with the stigma of aggression on his brow, Sir Anthony is ushered from the stage of politics into the snug opprobrium of the history books. And, relieved of the hump on its back, the Tory Party squares up to face the world with a new leader and —if it can—with a new look.

But what is really new? Before we assume that the resignation of one lost leader can set Britain to rights, it is necessary to look a little more closely at the stresses which lie beneath the surface. Why had Eden lost the confidence of his party? Why had he become a byword in the community of nations? The plain fact is that the principal reasons for his two separate humiliations were exactly contradictory. He disgraced himself before the world because, at a moment of growing hope in international affairs, he committed aggression and thereby imperilled the very existence of the U.N. He lost control of his party in Britain, not because he defied the Charter—most of them approved his action—but because he had not the resolution to complete the deed he set his hand to. "Unfirm of purpose," said Lady Macbeth, "give *me* the dagger"; the same thought, less felicitously expressed, could be heard in the bar of every golf club in Britain when Sir Anthony's sense of purpose failed him.

Which, then, was his crime—ruthlessness or indecision? The Tory Party could not decide. Mr. Macmillan and a great majority of the rank and file in the constituencies cried "coward." In parliament a group strong enough to be decisive, and backed by many progressive Conservatives outside, preferred to stand on the Charter. This group, 50 or 60 strong, was in the end one of the decisive factors in bringing Sir Anthony's aggression to a halt. Mr. Butler, ever since Munich the master of the uncommitting hint, contrived by careful art to suggest that he was the Cabinet spokesman of this group—though in public he was always quick to plant a Judas-kiss upon Sir Anthony's harassed brow.

These two men were deadlocked for the leadership—and this kept the discredited Sir Anthony in power till now. This week the personal deadlock is broken, but the conflict in the party remains. It is difficult to see in fact how a new leader can give the Tory Party a new look while the present issues remain. For the division among the Tories is not, as with Labour in 1951, one of speed and intensity, but one of principle and purpose. Between those who believe in working towards international order subject to a rule of law and those who pull backwards to the anarchy of power politics there can be no compromise except one of inaction. The doctors' bulletin has broken the deadlock for the leadership; but it has exposed the underlying paralysis of the party.

Comments on the Week's News

The Disappointing Doctrine

At first reading Eisenhower's ambiguous speech to Congress appears to weaken the new-found authority of the United Nations in the Middle East and to assert the dangerous and objectionable principle that the "vacuum" created by the decline of one imperial power should be filled by another. In two respects President Eisenhower does disservice to the U.N. First, he envisages armed intervention in the Middle East by American troops not necessarily acting as part of a U.N. Force. True, he has promised that the use of U.S. troops would be subject to "the overriding authority" of the Security Council. But immediately after the speech State Department officials explained that he had not meant to suggest that the Security Council would be allowed to veto U.S. action: if the Security Council were already acting effectively to "maintain international peace and security," the U.S. would work under its auspices. Otherwise, the President would feel free to act in "self defence" under Article 51 of the Charter. Thus, Mr. Eisenhower reserves the right in certain unspecified circumstances to take military action in the Middle East purely to suit American interests. Secondly, economic aid: nobody should dispute the need which the non-oil producing countries of the Middle East have for aid from America or any other available source. But such aid, if it is to be free of the taint of exploitation—and if it is not to appear merely as an investment in the Cold War—must be channelled through the U.N. Once again Mr. Eisenhower (perhaps for reasons of domestic politics) appears to ignore this most vital function of the specialised agencies. When that omission is coupled with the military side of his doctrine and seen in the general context of U.S. oil interests, it is extremely difficult to avoid the conclusion that the political strings of the plan will in fact prove to be strong and irksome. Arab nationalists have been quick to take this point, and we cannot believe that their fears are entirely groundless.

The Canal Tangle

Although the U.N. salvage fleet is now making steady, if slow, progress in removing obstructions, there is little optimism, either in London or at the United Nations, about an early resumption of negotiations on the Canal's future. Britain and France have publicly expressed their hope that the "indirect" form of negotiations, through Mr. Hammarskjold, will be resumed on the basis of the letter which Dr. Fawzi sent to the Secretary-General on November 2; this, with one minor exception, accepted Mr. Hammarskjold's interpretation of the "six principles" agreed by both parties in October. The Egyptians, so far, have shown no sign of wishing to repudiate either the six principles or the November 2 letter, and from the point of view of the substance of the dispute the situation is hopeful. Dr. Fawzi, however, has already made it plain that Egypt is not prepared to resume negotiations, either directly or indirectly, with Britain and France, and some new U.N. negotiating body will therefore have to be devised. The situation is further complicated by the Egyptian attitude to the right of passage pending a final settlement. Last week Cairo Radio announced that British and French ships will be refused entry until Israel has evacuated the Gaza strip and the offshore islands. This declaration may not represent the position of the Egyptian government—in the past Colonel Nasser has frequently allowed his radio to take up an intransigent position from which he has subsequently found it politic to retreat—but if it does, then there are serious grounds for disquiet. Egypt is entitled to insist that Israel comply with the U.N. directive of November 6, which called for the unconditional withdrawal of Israeli forces behind the armistice frontiers; but to link the Israeli withdrawal to the totally separate matter of the right of passage is legally inadmissable. It would constitute a breach not only of the 1888 Convention but of the third of the "six principles," which lays down that the Canal shall be "insulated from the politics of any one nation."

The Shadow of Malenkov

The Kadar government's statement of policy proved to be more limited than advance rumours suggested. Its final form, no doubt, was decided by the conference of satellites attended by Krushchev and Malenkov, and it fits exactly into the new pattern now being established by Moscow. Nothing is to be done about the Soviet troops in Hungary; there will be no concessions to other political parties; and Imry Nagy, now denounced as a "traitor," has been written off as part of the "counter-revolution of fascists, landowners and capitalists." At the same time, some limited reforms are promised: the state apparatus is to be simplified and decentralised; there are to be emergency measures to deal with the economic crisis, which may include a shift of emphasis away from expensive projects of industrialisation; and there is to be limited freedom of expression and contact with foreign countries for those who accept "the dictatorship of the proletariat." This is not a "Polish solution." It is a patched-up policy which combines the minimum concessions needed to keep the Hungarian economy moving with the minimum repression needed to enable the Kadar regime to survive without provoking a new outbreak. But in this combination the stress is laid much more on "discipline" than on "reform": the regime is to be propped up by the Russians because no alternative can be found. In this sense, the policy may succeed, especially as armed resistance has ended.

The New Kashmir Crisis

The nine-year-old Kashmir controversy gets more bitter and no more realistic. The announcement of a constitution for Kashmir and of its coming formal incorporation in India outraged all Pakistanis. They have two points on their side. Nehru has undoubtedly evaded his promise of a plebiscite to confirm the Mahjarah's original act of accession, and the proposal that Kashmir as a whole should be part of India is a legalistic piece of nonsense which ignores the fact that the government in Srinagar has no authority in Poonch, Gilgit or other mountain areas which were overrun by tribesmen and Pakistan troops in 1947. It is equally true that Pakistan has never admitted that Jammu is as much part of India as Gilgit is part of Pakistan. The partition is a fact which both sides, for argumentative and legalistic reasons, have consistently refused to admit. The real problem has always been the future of the Valley. Nehru's position would be morally as well as physically stronger if he had not made his promise of a plebiscite. He can fairly argue that India has done much for the welfare of Kashmir that Pakistan would not have done, and that if Indian troops were withdrawn Pakistan would then turn the plebiscite into a "holy war"—a method of campaign which Nehru cannot accept since India has never agreed to a division of the continent on communal lines and has, in fact, some 40 million Muslims within her own territory. The Pakistan tactics at the U.N. meeting on January 16 appear to be to denounce the Indian proposals as inconsistent with the promise of a free and impartial plebiscite and then to propose that both Indian and Pakistan troops should be withdrawn in favour of a United Nations military force. India will reject this proposal on the grounds that there is no fighting in the area. Intensifying the bitterness of this struggle are India's fierce reaction against America's interest in Pakistan as a military base and Pakistan's insistence that the object of the Baghdad pact is defence not against Moscow but against Delhi.

NEXT WEEK

The Angry Young Men

By John Raymond

A Policy for Coal

By John Hughes

According to Plan?

Mr. Watkinson continues to assure the enraged haulage interests that rationing is going according to plan. No one, however, has yet ascertained what this plan may be, beyond the Minister's statement that total supplies will be cut to 75 per cent. of normal. The failure of the Ministry of Transport seems to be on two main counts. First, it waited until applications for supplementary allowances were all in before trying to decide how the available petrol and diesel oil should be shared between various users. (The Ministry of Fuel, on the contrary, based its scale of supplementaries for private cars on an early sample.) Secondly, the Ministry of Transport has failed to consult the operators of goods vehicles, and it has made strange and arbitrary distinctions between different operators. One large haulage firm, for instance, reports that vehicles in its fleet, doing the same work, but stationed in different towns, have been given allowances which range from 20 per cent. of normal to 65 per cent. And there are similar anomalies between one firm and another. In all, it seems that a few essential services and suppliers have been given enough to meet their needs, while about 60 per cent. of the vehicle operators have either been refused supplementaries or granted less than 40 per cent of their normal consumption. Some had to go short, it is true; some had to suffer a loss of traffic to the railways. But why has the scheme been made so obscure, and applied with such ineptitude? Mr. Watkinson cannot even plead uncertainty about future supplies as a defence, for he has merely had to distribute a bulk allocation from the Minister of Fuel, Mr. Jones. And it is Mr. Jones who has to face the shortfall in expected imports from the U.S. This disappointment certainly means yet another increase in fuel prices, and it may mean drastic cuts in fuel oil to industry—with economic consequences even more serious than the chaos in road haulage.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Blank Cheque?

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The chaps returned to Capitol Hill for the opening of the 85th Congress rather like schoolboys coming back from the hols. The prefects—the party leaders—were quick to assert their authority and a "bad boy," Representative Adam Clayton Powell, was rapidly punished. Mr. Powell, nominally a Democrat, had supported Mr. Eisenhower during the election; so, in reprisal, Sam Rayburn stopped him getting improved office space. There was also much gnashing of teeth over another recalcitrant, Senator Lausche, who, although also nominally a Democrat, was rumoured to be thinking of voting with the Republicans on the organisation of the Senate. He finally toed the line, however, and, in any case, his vote turned out to be less than crucial since Senator-elect Javits stayed away to guard the bastions of Republicanism in New York and the aged, ailing Senator Neely was brought in a wheelchair to cast his vote for the Democrats. They were thus able to maintain their slim margin and so keep all-important control of the Senate and the legislative time-table.

Having upheld party solidarity thus far—the Senate had been in session less than an hour—the liberal wing of the Democratic Party at once split with its conservative leadership in order to attempt to confine and greatly limit the power of senators to filibuster. Far from getting such new rules, the liberals even failed to get them considered. Thus, the southerners still retain this powerful weapon to wield once more against the civil rights legislation which the liberals are bound to introduce later in the session.

The President's dramatically early personal appearance before Congress to enunciate the "Eisenhower doctrine" for the Middle East climaxed a period of about ten days, during which a trial balloon had been flying high. The White House first "leaked" general intimations of the plan to selected newspapermen. Then, Mr. Dulles and his officials allowed further details to filter through. Next, President Eisenhower called in the major Congressional leaders for a briefing session on New Year's Day. Finally, he appeared in person on Capitol Hill. All this elaborate preparation was apparently considered as part of an essential softening-up process. There can be little doubt that many Congressmen are feeling disgruntled with the way the proposal has been handled. They feel they are being bull-dozed into a policy about which many have misgivings but from which it has now been made impossible to demur. A refusal to go along with the President's request would be taken as suggesting to the Soviets that they might push on in the Middle East with impunity.

There may, however, be some attempt to change the wording of the proposed resolution. As it now stands, its broad language is troubling some senators. They fear that it would amount to another blank cheque for the President following the precedent of the Formosa resolution two years ago. This point especially rankles Democrats who contend, as some of them did on the Formosa issue, that the President has inherent powers to use armed forces without such a resolution. They feel they are being asked to give approval for possible acts ahead of the fact and thus are being precluded from judging individual cases on their merits as they arise. They are being asked, for example, to endorse the use of American forces against aggression committed by countries in the Middle East which are "controlled by international Communism." This criterion, some senators are complaining, is so subjective that neither Americans nor their potential antagonists could possibly have advance warning as to when it would be likely to become operative. Another criticism is that this reversion to a "big stick" policy will do nothing to solve the two basic internal problems of the area—the Arab-Israeli dispute and the lack of a Suez Canal settlement.

Moscow

Phased Liberalisation

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Is Stalin being rehabilitated? Certainly, it is pretty safe to assume that the wreath that Chou En-lai will lay at the walls of the Mausoleum next week will, unlike Marshal Tito's of last summer, bear Stalin's as well as Lenin's name—though, strange to say, it was Tito's references to Stalinists and anti-Stalinists that hastened the process of "rehabilitation." But, of course, Krushchev's New Year toast was not a defence of Stalin but an extremely skilful way of revealing to the world the nature of the unity that has been reached in the Presidium as the result of much argument and a thorough review of the results to date of the 20th Congress. All of us, Krushchev was saying—and he meant the entire leadership sitting left and right of him at the long table across the width of the St. George Hall in the Kremlin—all of us are the pupils and the collaborators of that great Marxist, that ardent revolutionary, that implacable anti-imperialist, that untiring fighter against class enemies. Now, this is very different from Krushchev's approach at the 20th Congress when he was at pains to describe himself and his colleagues rather as the victims than as the heirs of Stalin, of his teachings and experience as well as of the errors they were pledged to correct. Can we not assume that the Presidium is in agreement in its estimation of Stalin?

If that assumption is correct it probably means that an end has been put to the slap-dash demolition of idols that in 1956 had two results that caused the party considerable alarm: an insistent questioning of the principles of the system itself, and a wave of nihilism, especially among intellectuals and youth. It was not as literary critics that the central committee spent some time discussing Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone*; the reaction of the public, including many prominent writers, to the novel was, to the author's acute embarrassment, regarded as evidence of general scepticism about the effectiveness of all public organisations—party, Komsomol, trade union, etc.—to assist a decent, conscientious citizen in his struggle against the bureaucracy. And the popularity of some articles denying the worth of any pictures painted, any plays produced and most books written during the past 20 years was read as a sign that the public was questioning the Leninist tenet of the "party concept" in the arts. During the past two or three months an attempt has been made to return not to the methods of Stalin's days—far from it!—but to those of '54 and '55 to what might be called "phased liberalisation."

Symptomatic of this more judicious approach is the latest letter to party intellectuals from the central committee. In mild tones it calls on its readers to assert party principles on intellectual matters with tact and understanding, to pay special regard to the special case of members of the intelligentsia returning from exile or imprisonment, to answer the questions that youth is raising. This letter may be considered as evidence that a compromise has been reached between those leaders who favoured using the loose rein in ideological questions and those who advocated a firm assertion of the party's authority. But we shall not know the exact nature of this compromise until the next central committee plenum which, it is strongly rumoured, will take up ideological questions.

No similar change of pace or method is to be noted in the process of democratisation in the party itself. All members are being provided with an opportunity of studying the verbatim account of the proceedings at the recent plenum some time before the discussion on them is opened at branch level. In the cities, at least, party members are expected to maintain regular contact with groups of citizens, and one of the first results of their more frequent visits to people in their homes has been to arouse their energies in dealing with the pressing housing problem.

Study of the local newspapers indicates that the further decentralising measures adopted at the last plenum are resulting in a release of local initiative and, in particular, that the factory trade union organisations are responding eagerly to the situation in which they are given greater powers to build houses and administer other welfare measures. There is no question of establishing "workers' councils," but the reanimation of the trade unions is expected to give workers a greater sense of acting directly in their own welfare.

Delhi

Legislative Arrogance?

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: Ask an Indian a pointed question, hint that you want a pointed reply, and you will inevitably be treated to a long metaphor. I asked a senior Congress Party man how worried he was about the next elections. "Look," he replied, "We have put up our house for public auction. And even as the auction is due to begin we are moving new furniture into the house, and fitting it with time-saving apparatus." This is true. In the last two weeks of the present Lok Sabha (Lower House) the government has armed itself with some extraordinarily far-reaching powers. The two most important bills have been the Finance Minister's. One gives the government power to increase excise duties without parliament's prior approval. The other gives the government extensive control over banking companies. In both cases, when opposition M.P.s tried to protect the government from itself by pointing out the dangers involved in sanctioning such excessive measures, the justification has been: "We assure you these powers will be used with great discretion. But we are in a state of emergency. If the next five-year-plan is to succeed we need to come to the new parliament already armed to the teeth."

What effect is this legislative arrogance just before the elections having on the opposition parties? Five years ago there were 11 opposition groups at the national, and 178 groups at the state, level. In the next elections—now fixed from February 25 to March 12—there will be only three opposition parties at the national level and 11 at the state level. Even the Communists have learnt the one vital lesson of democratic government: that for a non-Congress government to come into power, there must be one large opposition bloc. With this in mind, all kinds

of on-the-spot alliances are being temporarily forged. Even more important, the Communist Party, the Jana Sangha, and the Praja Socialist Party, are all waiting for the Congress to choose its list of candidates first. There are only 500 Lok Sabha seats—and there are going to be a number of disgruntled, disillusioned renegade Congressmen who can be put up by the opposition. As far as the State Assemblies are concerned, the Congress has already given a clear indication of its immediate anxieties. S. K. Patil, whose rough organisational methods kept Andhra in the Congress fold last year, has been sent to Kerala in the south. For result-getting, Patil is a one-man electoral machine—assembled in Bombay, but built with American parts.

Rome

The Politics of Reale

Bruce Renton writes from Rome: The expulsion of the Neapolitan senator Eugenio Reale from the Italian Communist Party starts a serious crisis. In 1945, Reale was Italian ambassador in Warsaw (where the British ambassador, Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, is reported to have paid him the dubious compliment of calling him "a delicious Communist"). Reale has a Polish wife and knows Gomulka well. Since 1945, his political influence in the party has steadily declined because of his differences of opinion with Togliatti, but in the economic sphere he was, and still is, the controller of numerous import-export firms specialising in east-west trade—an important source of funds for the expensive Italian CP. Reale can thus cause considerable financial disturbance for Togliatti. He is apparently confident that his vast network of commercial contacts in Eastern Europe will not desert him and that he will be able to continue the trade for his own ends, which might even include the financing of a new Communist Party in Italy. There is moreover the question of the CP printing press in Rome, of which Reale is part owner.

Reale's rebellion was motivated by the fact that he considered that all Togliatti's lip-service to Tito, Gomulka and the national ways to Socialism, as well as his criticism of certain aspects of the Soviet system, were hypocritical. "At heart," writes Reale in *L'Espress*, "Togliatti remains faithful to the dead dictator." Togliatti had confided in his comrades: "Call me cynical but I would have done all the things Stalin did." At the same time, however, Reale admits that Togliatti visited Tito with the advice to "hold firm against the Russians, stick to Krushchev and be inflexible as regards the autonomy of Communist parties." But he puts forward the not altogether convincing hypothesis that Togliatti tried deliberately to halt de-Stalinisation in the USSR by frightening the Russians with the vision of an independent CP in Italy.

The Reale case and the resignation of other intellectuals from the Italian CP (with more, it seems, still to come) are all part of the battle for liberty taking place inside the international Communist movement. The young Communist M.P., Giolitti, chief rebel at the recent congress, has preferred to continue his opposition to the leadership from within the party. He believes that, since the present leaders of west European Communism were never elected by the rank-and-file of the party but were imposed by the International, it will be a slow process to bring about the necessary changes—for the reason that it will take a long time to convince the international proletariat that the International is really dead and buried.

Gaza—One Key to Peace

APPARENTLY Hugh Gaitskell is using his American lecture tour to propound a Socialist solution of the Arab-Israeli problem. In Pasadena last week, after stressing the need for American co-operation in resolving the Suez problem, he made two positive proposals for long-term pacification: (1) a settlement between Israel and Egypt and (2) the indefinite retention of a U.N. force to patrol the Israeli frontiers. Frankly, I was disappointed to see these two old hacks led once again out of the Labour stables. They may have been good enough mounts last Spring for an opposition without prospect of office. But Mr. Gaitskell, as a future Prime Minister, and Mr. Bevan, as a future Foreign Secretary, should realise that they are just non-starters in 1957.

Consider first the proposal for "the indefinite retention of a U.N. force to patrol the Israeli frontiers." The job of this force would be to prevent both Arab infiltration and Jewish massive retaliation along the length of the armistice lines. These lines run for some 750 kilometres, partly through fertile country, where Arab villages are cut off from their lands and infiltration is endemic, partly over wild mountains and deserts, ideal for organised guerilla operations. How many divisions would be required to control this frontier? The new U.N. force—as distinct from General Burns's observer corps—could not be content merely to report incidents after they had occurred. It would have to catch (and imprison?) the Jordanian infiltrators or the Egyptian *fedayeen*, and this would involve incursions deep into the Arab states. It would also have to intercept the Israeli retaliation raids, and this would involve it in full-scale military operations. It would, in fact, be in chronic war with both Jews and Arabs, although it would be quartered on them and have its lines of communication running through their territories.

These obvious military objections are not removed by the suggestion that there should be a "neutral belt" along the frontier, since the U.N. force could not exist only inside the belt, which anyway would involve Israel in the loss of sovereign rights over a substantial proportion of her total territory. I realise that the vision of a United Nations force keeping the peace along Israel's frontiers warms the cockles of the liberal conscience. But I have yet to meet one Israeli

"Can you see any strings attached . . . ?"

or Arab soldier who does not regard it as moonshine; and that is the view of General Burns as well.

I now turn to the proposal for a peace settlement between Israel and Egypt. Of course Ben-Gurion would like to break the Arab front; indeed, this has been an objective of his foreign policy ever since the state was founded. First it was hoped to make a separate peace with King Abdullah of Jordan. Then, after his murder, there was a period when the Israelis put their faith in Neguib: now it is Nasser—or his successor. Unfortunately, this policy is little more than wish-fulfilment. If the great weakness of the Arabs is their inability to face reality, this inability becomes a positive asset in the blockade of Israel. Stubbornly they refuse to "accept the *fait accompli*," to "cut their losses," or to stop "cutting off their noses to spite their faces," despite the indignant protests of the Israelis and the exasperated admonitions of their British and American well-wishers.

It is precisely because the Arabs are not moved by rational self-interest but by irrational resentment and hatred in their struggle against Israel and the West that any general peace settlement is still out of the question. As for a separate settlement between Israel and Egypt, there are two fatal objections to it. First, the main problems—the refugees, the frontiers, the division of the Jordan waters—cannot, anyway, be settled by bilateral agreements between Israel and Egypt. Secondly, Nasser will only "negotiate" if the great powers are ready to back him in imposing a peace of annihilation on Israeli. That is hardly a policy that the Labour Party can recommend.

If a United Nations patrol along the frontier and an Israeli-Egyptian peace settlement are both impracticable, what positive proposals should Labour advocate? I suggest that, instead of pursuing the mirage of a final settlement, we should look at the new opportunities for relaxing the tension created by the Sinai and Suez operations. The obvious place for this modest kind of peace-making is the Gaza strip. It is sometimes forgotten that this strip of land is still Palestine—the only piece of Palestine which has not been incorporated either into Israel or into Jordan. In 1949, when the Israelis had routed Farouk's armies and penetrated to the Canal, they carefully avoided capturing Gaza, where some 200,000 Arab refugees were crowded. That is why the armistice agreement allotted the strip to Egypt; and it has been administered ever since as a foreign territory under Egyptian military government. Whereas every Palestine refugee in Jordan became a full Jordanian citizen, the 80,000 original inhabitants of Gaza and the 200,000 refugees were denied Egyptian citizenship and came to resent their Egyptian "protectors," who seemed more concerned to prevent their going to Egypt than to protect them against the Israelis. The real horror of the Gaza strip was that it was, literally, a dead end.

Now that it has been overrun—in another phase of the war which, according to Nasser, has never ended—there is a new situation, which requires new decisions to be taken by the United Nations. There are three possibilities. The first would be to invite the Egyptians to return and so to restore the *status quo ante*. Fortunately Nasser is not keen to take back a commitment which put him at an appalling strategic disadvantage and brought him nothing but unpopularity among the refugees. Egypt will make a demand for Gaza, but it will only be a formal demand. Secondly, the strip could become part of Israel. Geographically and economically, this is the obvious solution, but the only condition on which it could have been made acceptable to the United Nations would have been if the Israelis had been willing to let every refugee stay in Israel and either receive his lands back or get full compensation. In Jerusalem just before Christmas, I learnt that no one is willing to take the risk of assimilating 300,000 Arabs. The politicians are afraid that, if the Arab minority became more than 20 per cent. of the population, it could achieve a balancing position in Israel's multi-party democracy. The soldiers, quite simply, are scared of an enlarged fifth column.

There remains, therefore, the third possibility—administration by a U.N. High Commissioner. This could be an extremely hopeful experiment—on the one proviso that our U.N. enthusiasts realise how easily it could degenerate into a return to the *status quo ante*. If, for instance, the Assembly decrees that Gaza should once again be cut off from contact with Israel, then the High Commissioner would be unable to prevent the "dead end" activities of the infiltrators and the *fedayeen*, and within a few months Israel would be retaliating. It is here that precise Socialist proposals might tip the balance. We should insist that Gaza becomes a genuine experiment in international government and, above all, that it should be "open at both ends." This means restoring the railway all the way from Lydda to Cairo, so that the dates and oranges of Gaza can be exported both to Egypt and to Israel and the lines of communication of the U.N. officials can run to Tel Aviv as well as to Cairo. This sounds a small change, but anyone who has seen Gaza, as I have, first under Egyptian and then under Israeli control, will realise what a difference it would make to keep both ends open.

Furthermore, we should try to ensure that the High Commissioner is instructed to wind up the Unwra operation within a fixed time limit, say five years. Every refugee should be given a genuine choice between entry into Israel and entry to an Arab state of his own selection; and, whichever choice he makes, he should receive his compensation before the move. When the refugees have gone, the 80,000 residents might be permitted to decide by plebiscite whether the strip should become part of Israel, or Egypt—or Jordan, if it still exists.

Finally, it is in Gaza and under the political control of the high commission that I should like to see a permanent U.N. force stationed, which would replace UNEF. Mr. Usborne has suggested that the U.N. should buy a base for this permanent force in Sinai, but I see no prospect that the Afro-Asian group will permit the demilitarisation of what Nasser claims to be Egyptian territory.

Surely the obvious place for the U.N. force is Gaza. The ground forces should be very small and their task strictly limited to police duties along the borders of the strip. There might be a slightly larger air force, since Sinai and the Negev are an ideal place for an experiment in Ike's "Open Skies" plan. The U.N. air force would have the task of reporting on Israeli and Egyptian forces in the area and ensuring that the approaches to the Gulf of Akaba remain strictly demilitarised. Considerably enlarged, General Burns's observer corps should continue its present duties of frontier inspection.

My conviction is that, if we concentrate on a pilot scheme of this kind in Gaza, we shall achieve far more than if we make our goal an unattainable general settlement.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Labour's Middle Eastern Role

The author of this article, who has spent a considerable time in Arab countries, was the Beirut correspondent of the Arabic radio station in Cyprus until it was seized in the Suez crisis.

RECENT events in the Middle East have placed the British Labour Party in a unique position for dealing with the problems of the area. If the present favourable conditions are exploited now, a much needed new basis could be established for British foreign policy towards the Arab world and Israel. British opposition to the Anglo-French attack on Egypt has caused Arab nationalists to reappraise their views of British Socialism. Largely because of this opposition, led by the Labour Party, it is the British government, not the British people, which is today unpopular amongst the Arabs. During the Suez crisis the speeches of Gaitskell and Bevan were widely publicised by the entire Arabic press and radio.

"Our first reaction to the Labour Party attitude was one of astonishment," a leading Lebanese Socialist told me. "We Arabs always assumed that Britain's major foreign policy decisions were taken on a united political front. But the split over Suez showed us that your Labour Party could take an independent line in foreign policy when those basic moral values, with which we have always associated Britain, are at stake."

Ever since the creation of Israel, the Labour Party has been held in deep distrust by the Arab world—Socialists and non-Socialists alike—because they held it to be pro-Zionist and therefore anti-Arab. But now that the Conservative government has become discredited in Arab eyes, the Arabs are turning towards the Labour Party whom they now consider to be the true representatives of British opinion. Can the Labour Party take advantage of this new situation? If so it has an opportunity of working out a fresh approach to Middle East problems instead of doing little more than reflecting the foreign policy of the Conservative Party and the Foreign Office. And it could make a valuable contribution towards preserving legitimate British interests in this area.

What are the essentials for achieving these aims? First the Labour Party requires a deeper understanding of Arab nationalism and Arab Socialism. And secondly it must reconsider its attitude towards the Arabs and the Jews. So far British policy in the Middle East has been going against the popular stream of Arab nationalism. This is doubtless partly due to our traditional policy of divide and rule. But it is also influenced by the fact that we have seen too often the expression of Arab nationalism in outbursts of irrational fanaticism worked up by self-styled nationalist leaders who are simply corrupt politicians. But this does not alter the fact that Arab nationalism is a sincere and genuine aspiration which will prevail whether we like it or not.

Basically the aim of the nationalists is a united and strong Arab world free from foreign influence. Britain, on the other hand, is fighting a rear-guard action in an attempt to preserve pockets and areas of influence in direct opposition to the nationalist concept of one free Arab world. And our very opposition to nationalism has only strengthened the determination of the Arabs to achieve their aims. Britain's present policy in the Middle East is based on the assumption that only by exercising political influence in the area can we ensure our oil supplies. Arab nationalists, on the other hand, want nationalisation of Arab oil, and wish the whole matter to be put on a straight-

forward commercial basis. "You need our oil and we need the western European market. It is in your interest to buy oil from us and in our interest to sell," is the way one Arab summed up the case to me.

Naturally, oil interests are opposed to nationalisation. But nationalisation of Arab oil is inevitable and recent events have brought this day much closer. The only question is whether it will be nationalised with the help and co-operation of Britain or in the teeth of our opposition. British policy has put the pro-western Iraqi government of Nuri Said, for instance, in an intolerable position. It may be only a matter of months before Nuri is swept away like Glubb, with whom he has been bracketed by Egyptian propaganda. If, on the other hand, the British government said to Nuri: "We agree with the principle of nationalisation and will help you carry it out smoothly and in an amicable way," Nuri would have something solid to show his nationalist opponents in return for his alliance with the West. And for once Britain would be going along with the tide of Arab feeling instead of against it.

To understand the nature of Arab Socialism presents a particularly difficult problem for a visitor to the Middle East brought up on the orthodox principles of the British Labour Party. In Israel he will find a real Socialist party, mature trade unions and an attitude towards social problems similar to his own. In the Arab world he will find extremes of poverty and wealth, only a handful of intelligent educated people and an illiterate, emotionally unstable proletariat. Here there are no recognisable political parties of any consequence except the Communists.

How is it that the Arabs have so far failed to create any real democratic Socialist political systems or institutions? I put this question to an Oxford-educated Arab Socialist and was given the following reply: "The ultimate aims of Arab Socialists are the same as your own," he said. "But our priorities are different from yours. Your Socialism sprang from the upheavals and class struggle of the industrial revolution and you were able to evolve your Socialism within the framework of your constitution. While you talk about class, capitalists and trade unions we think first of Arab unity and the elimination of foreign influence. How can we, for example, build up a trade union and guarantee its integrity until we have first laid genuine foundations of national independence? You, for instance, can take for granted the existence of Britain as a permanent state while many of us even challenge our national status and do not accept the present unnatural divisions of the Arab world. We cannot start building the institutions of Socialism until these fundamental problems are first solved. Our first task is to carry out the aims of Arab nationalism, and in this we work together with all other nationalists."

This "front" of nationalists is, of course, the ideal channel for Communism, and the Communists are taking every advantage of the situation. While Russia pays lip service to Arab nationalism, Communist propaganda brands Britain as a colonial aggressor against the Arabs. Arab Socialists, in general, under-estimate the dangers of this Communist infiltration—at present at its most alarming in Syria. They will not accept warnings from the British government about the dangers of growing Communist influence. But they might listen to experienced British Socialists, if the Labour Party could establish closer and more friendly relations with left-wing Arabs.

Future understanding between the Labour Party and the Arabs, however, must stand or fall on the party's attitude to the Arab-Israeli problem. The Arabs are well aware of the Labour Party's sympathies with Zionism and Israel. And no intelligent Arab expects the Labour Party to throw Israel overboard in order to win the friendship of the Arabs. Again, the Arab world now recognises, although this may not be admitted in the speeches of its politicians, that Israel has come to stay. The Arabs' main fears of Israel are twofold. First, they are worried that, with western support, Israel will begin a policy of expansion at the expense of the Arab states. And they are now watching with the greatest apprehension to see if Israel will withdraw from Sinai and Gaza. Secondly they fear that if peace is made and the Israel-Arab frontiers are opened, Israel with her western experience and industrial know-how, will soon dominate the area economically.

If the Labour Party is to win the confidence of the Arabs it must show that it does not support Israel *against* the Arabs. It must make it absolutely clear that it would no more tolerate an Israeli aggression on the Arabs than it would tolerate an Arab attack on Israel. Labour must demonstrate a genuine desire to find a settlement of the problem of Palestine and the refugees for the benefit of *both* sides.

In order to follow this policy, the party must impress on those members who have so far been taking sides in the Arab-Israel dispute that their cause would best be served by a non-partisan policy. Only if British Socialism can be seen to be objective and impartial towards Jews and Arabs will its advice be respected by both sides. Arab Socialists would like to see the British Labour Party show a greater interest and understanding of their problems. "Today the Labour Party is Britain's best ambassador to the Arab World," a Lebanese businessman told me recently. But an ambassador is of no use if he spends all his time at home.

Beirut. RICHARD BEESTON

London Diary

THAT frontiersman of science, Nobel-prize-winner Patrick Blackett, is a trigger-happy trouble-shooter. With a bravado as boyish as his smile, he asks for trouble and usually gets it. He certainly has as the new President of the British Association. Usually this office is just a graceful tribute to a distinguished scientist and its major chore preparing the address. For him, it is likely to be one of the toughest of a lifetime of tough assignments because he has to put through the reforms of that 136-year-old institution. His first act as President was to tell his scientific colleagues that they must learn to speak—not read the addresses which they carefully prepare for the record but *ad lib.* in intelligible language. He appealed to them to cut down the number of papers—over 300 in a week—and to leave time for up-to-date pronouncements on new developments. He wanted the various branches of science to get together more in joint sessions and, as a socially-conscious scientist, gave them a lead by announcing his own theme as "Science and the Under-Developed Countries," with a request to follow it up in discussion. None of this seems very drastic, but the fourteen sections are as jealous of their rights and of any interference from the centre as the American states are of federal powers. That is only one aspect of the changes which are in train. The British Association is going to extend its activities throughout the year and to enlist the interest of industrialists, trade unionists, administrators and women's organisations and make more effective use of the press, sound-radio and television. It is going to launch a drive to quadruple its present finances. This year's President's task is a thankless one because few effects of his efforts will be apparent in his year of office. But it needed a Blackett to shake-up traditionalism.

* * *

I confessed last week to a felonious desire to knock the silly smirk off Mona Lisa's face. Vicky promptly sent me a warning, which, as the policeman said, I hereby produce.

* * *

The International Press Institute in Zurich showed that it was alive to the needs of members in countries whose journalists have no adequate legal or trade union protection. It sent telegrams to President Sukarno and to the Indonesian Prime Minister protesting against the arrest ("intimidation abhorrent in a free country") of the very lively young editor of *Indonesia Raya* (Independence). On his return from a council meeting of the International Press Institute last October Mochtar Lubis was questioned by the legal authorities about an article in his paper on August 14 which criticised the government and its foreign minister and was then formally charged with "humiliating in public or creating a feeling of hostility and/or hatred towards the Indonesian government." The local Journalists Association and the Newspaper Publishers' Association at once set up a "committee of action" to demand the repeal of this military press ban. Imagination boggles at the prospect of journalists going to prison for "humiliating" governments!

* * *

Eden's Suez adventure is one of those rare historical events which have a clear beginning, middle and end. In this, as in so many other respects, it is startlingly un-English. The story is exciting as well as tragic, and I am not surprised to hear that a number of people are already busily engaged in writing it. Paul Johnson, who is on the staff of this journal, has been first off the mark, and his version, *The Suez War*, which has an introduction by Aneurin Bevan, will be on sale on Monday. The principal object of the book, which begins with the American withdrawal of aid from the Aswan dam, and traces the story up to the end of December, is to show that Eden and Mollet were from the outset determined on a

showdown with Nasser, and that the tortuous negotiations of August and September were merely a diplomatic smokescreen behind which the Anglo-French forces waited for a pretext to attack. *The Suez War* contains many hitherto unpublished facts and will, I suspect, cause considerable uneasiness in government circles. The speed with which it has been published, incidentally, is a personal triumph for Howard Samuel, who recently took over the firm of MacGibbon & Kee. Samuel is a passionate Labour Party supporter, and *The Suez War* is the first of many controversial political books which he intends to publish.

* * *

Frederick Voigt's *Combed Out* was one of the most remarkable of the innumerable protests by idealists who went into the first world war believing they were serving a cause and left it with the conviction that modern war is only a murderous and sordid futility. Voigt's case was complicated by his German origin, and I think this explains quite a lot of his strange and unhappy career. As *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany his "realism" was tempered by his brave exposure of cruelty and a striking absence of political judgment. During his short time as leader-writer in Manchester he wrote brilliant attacks on the French, and was described in a letter he once himself showed me from C. P. Scott as a "genius." That didn't last long; back in Germany he first confidently prophesied that the Social Democrats would defeat Hitler and then became one of the boldest opponents of the Nazis. His book, *Unto Cæsar*, was a striking analysis by a religious man who equally detested Communism and Nazism. His power as a polemical writer found full scope when he edited *The Nineteenth Century and After*. His journalism was throughout his life marred by personal irrational hatreds. I recall that once when I had differed from him in public he wrote me two foolscap sheets of elaborately phrased invective. I dropped it into the wastepaper basket, and received, a day or two after, a carbon copy of the letter with a note saying that he had made some verbal amendments which he did not want me to miss. Just why he hated me, as I presume he did, and so many other people who did not return his hatred, I never knew.

* * *

It's rather startling to follow up the full legal implications in the case of the Dartford Post Office stamps, worth £12,000 (so far) because someone had forgotten to make little holes round them. The girl counter clerk knew when she took them that there was a regulation requiring her to "hand them to a superior officer as unfit for sale." Therefore she knew not only that they must remain the property of the P.M.G., but also that he wouldn't on any account sell them to anyone. You cannot, a legal friend tells me, "cure" a larceny by paying for what you steal. In other words, by putting her £2 in the till in exchange for the 240 twopenny stamps, the counter clerk did not extinguish the right of the P.M.G. to retain them. If I covet your £20 watch and offer you £30 for it, your refusal to sell shows where the property still lies. So if I then throw the £30 on the table, snatch the watch and get away with it, I have committed larceny to the value of £20. If someone else, who knows how I got it, considers it worth £2,000 and I let him have it for that sum, he is a receiver of stolen property. So what about all the people who, knowing the whole story, will now be buying the Dartford "imperforates" at more than £50 a time? They could all be prosecuted, have their houses searched, and be ordered to make restitution. Above all, they could each get 14 years. Receivers, as a rule, pay a mere fraction of what the swag is worth, which is often the main point in the evidence against them. And the judges usually say to them: "You are the worst offender. But for people like you, most of this stealing would come to an end." How much worse is a receiver who is ready to pay £50 for a square half-inch of paper that has accidentally failed to become a stamp?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The millions of well-bred Conservative voters who enjoyed the background and training of normal homes and day schools are prepared to make allowances for people whose education was hampered by position or parental tradition. But they must note with disfavour the indecorum of the products of the public school system that disgrace the Labour side of the House.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (J. Young.)

On these occasions people from the town take special interest in knowing on what farm the goods displayed have been produced. It gives special pleasure to think that they might be eating a pheasant shot by the Duke himself.—*Oxfordshire Farmer*. (P. A. Evans.)

Then the Duke wanted to consult the Duchess about one of the paintings we were examining. But she was nowhere to be found.

So he opened the french windows that looked on to a rose garden and hallooed loudly. It was a sound, I thought, I'd never hear—a duke hallooing to his duchess.—*Sunday Post*. (R. M. Simpson.)

Mr. Wade, of Thorne Road, Edenthorpe, Doncaster, was so incensed by the brutality of crime as a boy, that he applied to the Home Office for a hangman's job when he was only 21.—*Sheffield Telegraph*. (John Weightman.)

Apropos the Isles of Greece

"Beating should and usually does teach a boy to ignore personal pain. . . . To be bullied may even supply young authors with material for depicting the horrors of life."

—Letter in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The public schools! The public schools,
  Where Tory statesmen felt the rod
Wielded by pedagogic ghouls
  To demonstrate the wrath of God;
Eternal Blarney gilds them yet—
They cannot learn and can't forget.

The Flogging Muse is in retreat,
  But while Etonians rule the roost,
With Cypriots and blacks to beat
  It gives the dying art a boost:
Colonial subjects still can gain
Reflex indifference to pain.

The tyrant of the cane and birch
  Was education's warmest friend:
The means did not confuse his search—
  He only saw the nether end
And stuffed the budding author's mind
With raw material, from behind.

Ruling Etonians understand
  The mystic task of those who flog;
They cannot save their native land
  But give their virtues to the dog—
The blood-and-earth mechanics still
In Cyprus work their Sov'reign will.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Lucky Jim's Political Testament

ON the cover of this pamphlet,* the Fabian Society announces that it has been issued "as worthy of consideration within the Labour Movement." Lamentable as it may seem, I think the Fabian Society is right. *Socialism and the Intellectuals* is badly written and muddled to the point of exasperation. In default of a suitable penitentiary here, its author should be sentenced to at least six months' hard labour (as I am sure he would consider it) at the Café des Deux Magots, and there learn how to define his terms, how to state his premises, and how to conduct his arguments in a logical and consequential manner. But this being said, the fact remains that what Mr. Amis has written is important and, incidentally, far more interesting than the learned and lifeless political tracts published, all too frequently, by Messrs. Wollheim, Utley, Crosland and others in the pages of *Encounter*.

Mr. Amis is a Labour supporter. He has, so far, voted Labour in every election and, "unless something very unexpected happens," he expects to vote Labour to the end of his days. Come election-time, he even sticks a poster in his window and lends his car to party headquarters to save Swansea voters from trudging to the polls. But—he does not join the party; he finds it difficult to work up any enthusiasm for politics; Suez led him to attend his first political meeting in 15 years, but this simply served to remind him how boring such meetings were; and, at the end of his essay, he contemplates, with a good deal of complacency, continuing a lifetime of political apathy.

This, in itself, may not be tragic for the Labour Party. Unfortunately, Mr. Amis—at least on his own account—is not alone. He claims to speak on behalf of a class: the new welfare state intellectuals. They mass, in their thousands, at his elbow: in Cardiff and Hull, in Exeter and Southampton, in Stoke and Sheffield, lecturers in Geology and Civics, veterinary surgeons and welfare officers, with their long-playing records and their ponytail-haired wives, their bottles of Spanish burgundy and volumes of A. J. Ayer. The university colleges of England echo with the tramp of their apathetic feet. The men who should be the rank-and-file of the progressive intelligentsia, the N.C.O.s of the local party organisations, the subalterns of a new generation of Labour voters, are choosing to stay at home and indulge in the pursuit of Civilisation (Tourist Class).

Mr. Amis has two comments to make on this phenomenon. First, it does not cause him to "grieve overmuch." A characteristic of this school of young intellectuals is that they all dislike each other intensely. Mr. Amis obviously loathes the class to which he belongs, indeed he even feels it necessary to employ the classic disclaimer: "some of my best friends," he writes, "are intellectuals." He sees his colleagues as unreliable nuisances, whose presence in a militant party is more likely to prove an embarrassment than an asset. "I often feel," he says, "that even the intellectual who takes up some sort of political career, attains some power or influence in that field, stands a good chance of being wrong on any given issue, a rather better chance than the ordinary Labour Party or trade union man." And why is this? Because "the best and most trustworthy political motive is self-interest." Since the intellectual's interests are not identical with those of

* *Socialism and the Intellectuals*. By KINGSLEY AMIS. *Fabian Society*

the workers, his presence at their side is therefore irrational, unnatural and unpredictable.

This leads Mr. Amis to his second comment. (This is not, strictly speaking, correct: his second point is made first; but I am trying to present his arguments in their most favourable light.) What drives the intellectual to take up the cudgels on behalf of the left, he says, is precisely something irrational: political romanticism. And here Mr. Amis feels he has laid his finger on the origins of the present apathy: there is today, he feels, a notable lack of causes which can stir this romanticism and which, at the same time, have a distinct political content. The colour-bar, horror comics, the homosexual laws and capital punishment, on all these the new intellectuals feel strongly; but they are, not, strictly speaking, political issues calling for street-demonstrations and the overthrow of governments. The welfare state, the decline in unemployment, the taming of the Tories, the international stalemate of the cold war have successfully and, it seems, permanently, lowered the political temperature in Britain; even the outrage of Suez failed to bring it back to the boil, because it simply did not go on long enough. The point can be made quite briefly:

> Though the Tories may be bad again,
> There is *no* substitute for Spain.

Hence Mr. Amis is led to the ultimate stage of Marxist logic: the despairing longing for catastrophe. Things will have to get far, far worse, he says, before intelligent people can be persuaded to get together and make them better. "What is needed," he writes, "is a good, long, steadily worsening crisis out in the open where everyone can see it." (This, I might add, only a few paragraphs after he attacks Auden for writing of "the necessary murder.")

I hope I have presented Mr. Amis's arguments correctly. Possibly the inner core of his political thought has escaped me. It may be that I have missed some subtle nuance concealed in his cloudy syntax. If so, he has my profoundest apologies. I say all this because it seems to me, after reading this pamphlet, that the only thing which prevents him from becoming an active Labour supporter is a regrettable unwillingness to think. The problems he raises can all be answered by the simple statement of self-evident propositions. It is demonstrably untrue that an intellectual is more likely to be wrong on a given political issue than the ordinary voter, if only for the simple reason that he is likely to be in more complete possession of the facts about it. Perhaps I am naive, but I have always assumed that an educated voter is likely to be more responsible than an uneducated voter; that knowledge is a desirable and useful thing to possess; and that intelligence is an important political asset. Mr. Amis employs the word "intellectual" freely, without attempting to define it. He may have forgotten that it was first used in describing the partisans of Dreyfus, that small band of writers, journalists and lawyers who challenged the power of the French state and army, and risked the fury of the Paris street mobs, because they believed that reason was a better arbiter of human affairs than prejudice; and he may also have forgotten that it was the intellectuals who eventually triumphed.

No wise man, I think, would dispute Mr. Amis's contention that self-interest is a healthy political guide. But it is precisely in exposing and propagating self-interest that the art of politics lies. If all British workers had correctly appreciated their interests in 1955, there is no doubt that a Labour government would be in power today. It is here that the intellectual has an important role to play. It is his job to bring things out into the open where everyone can see them. If he does this successfully, then it doesn't matter much whether he votes himself, or lends his car, or sticks up posters, or even writes pamphlets.

Nor is the intellectual, as Mr. Amis supposes, himself disinterested. His politics, too, are guided by self-interest. Mr. Amis's evident contempt for humanist values leads him to ignore the fact that such interests need not necessarily be materialistic. In the long run the intellectual takes up a political position not because of the petrol shortage, or the price of Spanish burgundy, or the level of income tax—any of the issues likely to affect his material well-being—but because one of the parties soliciting his support is prepared to subscribe, if only in part, to the values in which he believes. In doing so, the intellectual automatically protects his status and his future.

One of these values—the most important—is justice. Justice is the application of reason to the problem of controlling human behaviour, and its interests are identical with those of the intellectual; if they are threatened, his are threatened, too. This, I think, is the answer to the comment made by Mr. Amis on "political romanticism." He defines it as the "irrational capacity to become inflamed by interests and causes which are not one's own, that are outside oneself." In fact, what he means by political romanticism is really a sense of justice, which every true intellectual possesses; and this is quite rightly, and quite rationally, aroused whenever and wherever an injustice is committed, whether it be in Spain, in Abyssinia, in Cyprus, in Egypt, or in Britain. In this sense, the intellectual is, by definition, politically committed, and his sympathies will always and in all countries be found, in the main, on the side of the rational, progressive, democratic left.

It is true, of course, that I am talking about the ideal intellectual, whereas Mr. Amis is discussing British intellectuals as he believes them to exist today. But is the difference so enormous? I suspect that Mr. Amis, like most "contemporary" young novelists, is slightly out of date. In the years following 1945, there was, I agree, some apathy among the younger intellectuals, particularly in academic circles; an inevitable and probably healthy reaction to a decade of intellectual life dominated by the strident voices of the left. There was even some talk of a "New Right" (where is it now, I wonder?). This tendency, however, was grossly exaggerated by Mr. Amis and others, who used it as a gimmick in their presentation of a certain type of modern hero, generally referred to as Lucky Jim, who enjoyed a certain success with the circulating libraries. Naturally, they have a vested interest in keeping him alive, in persuading people that he is dominating the political horizon with giant, uncommitted strides. But I suspect—in fact I am sure—that Lucky Jim, at least in his political context, is dead, killed on the afternoon of October 30, 1956, by Sir Anthony Eden; and that what Mr. Amis has written in this pamphlet is merely Jim's last will and testament. It may be that Mr. Amis was not inflamed by the Suez issue; but in that case he is the one intellectual I have heard of who was not. The London air, at least, is loud with the lamentations of intellectuals who now regret having failed to do their full share at the last election to keep the Tories out. Nobody who attended the great Suez demonstration in Trafalgar Square feels the need for another Spain. The rumpus has even invaded the Athenaeum. Never in modern history has the intellectual element in a nation been so united, militant and, I submit, successful. After all, Messrs. Auden, Spender and Co. lost their battle; we won. The present mood, of course, may not last; but for Mr. Amis to say it does not exist is sheer, blind ignorance. *Swansea, art tha sleepin' down below?*

PAUL JOHNSON

Reflections on Hungary

ALTHOUGH nearly all Socialists seem to agree in condemning the Soviet intervention in Hungary as wrong and morally indefensible, it is nevertheless true that the recent events in Hungary face left-wing Socialists with an appallingly difficult problem of judgment. This is not only because it is still very difficult to be sure about the facts, but also because the facts, as far as they are at present known, are not open to simple explanation.

It is, of course, easy for out-and-out anti-Communists, whether they call themselves Socialists or not, to present the picture of an heroic people rising almost solidly against its oppressors and being prevented from setting up and consolidating a free national government only by the sheer force of Soviet tanks: nor is it at all surprising that this has been the version of the affair that has been put forward day after day in most of the newspapers of the West. What most of all makes the left-wing Socialist hesitant about accepting as adequate this account of what has happened is the knowledge of the efforts that have been made for a long time past, especially under the auspices of such agencies as "Voice of Europe," to stir up revolt in the Peoples' Democracies, and the known association with these efforts of persons and groups formerly associated with the Fascist Horthy regime which held power in Hungary up to 1945. The doubt is not whether these elements played some part in the uprising, but how large the part they played really was, and what would have taken place had the Hungarians been left to settle their own affairs without intervention.

It still seems to me undeniable that the Hungarian uprising started mainly as a spontaneous movement of mass discontent, in which students and industrial workers played the predominant part, and that the outburst showed that the Hungarian Communist Party had made itself thoroughly unpopular, and indeed hated, by great masses of the people, including a large section of the industrial workers. It is also clear that there was very strong popular feeling against the Soviet Union, which was regarded as exploiting Hungary for its own purposes and as mainly responsible for the measures which had made the Hungarian government so widely unpopular. It is therefore impossible not to blame very severely both the Hungarian Communists and the Soviet government for their parts in bringing about the revolt, quite apart from the steps taken subsequently for its suppression. The Hungarian regime under Rakosi was evidently a most unpleasant police tyranny; and it was so largely because of the treatment meted out to Hungary by the Soviet Union in its determination to keep the Peoples' Democracies in firm subjection to its control as pawns in the game of international power politics. The new outlook in the Soviet Union inaugurated by Krushchev's denunciation of Stalinism at the 20th Congress had not in practice led, up to the moment of Rakosi's dismissal, to any change in Soviet policy towards Hungary; and by the time of Rakosi's

the things they say!

Did you see in the press the other day how short of engineering technologists we are becoming?

Every year, it seems, there are more than 50,000 new technologists in Russia, and more than 20,000 in America. But the figure for Britain is only 3,000!

Yes, it's a big problem, all right.

What I want to know is: Why doesn't industry do something about it?

After all, it's industrial firms that need the technologists — they should help the Universities to produce them.

Many do. For instance, I.C.I. gives over £200,000 to the Universities every year for a variety of purposes, including research fellowships and grants to their scientific departments for the materials and equipment needed in research.

That's quite something — I.C.I. seems to be alive to its own vital interests.

Yes, and that's not the whole story, for I.C.I. recently started, at several Universities, a new scheme of Transfer Scholarships.

These will enable young men who haven't studied Science at school to prepare themselves to take it at the University.

This scheme will do something to help us get the *extra* technologists that Britain so badly needs.

ICI

fall from power the accumulated discontent had gathered too much momentum to be checked by secondary changes, such as the substitution of one leading figure for another.

No sooner had the outbreak occurred, however, than certain reactionary elements quite naturally thought they saw their chance of turning it to their own ends. The revolt, being mainly spontaneous, had no effective national leadership: there was no organised party or group that was in a position to take hold of it and to give it a clear direction. The workers' councils did no doubt provide most important rallying points; but they were local and unco-ordinated, and there was behind them no unifying force armed with a clearly conceived plan of action. Nor had they much, if any, hold on the rural areas, which are, of course, vitally important. In these circumstances, there was every opportunity for discontented groups of every sort and kind to join in and gain control over sections of the people, or even to set up local "governments" or provisional regimes of their own. Some of these groups and regimes were no doubt inspired by high ideals of freedom and democracy; but others appear to have been almost openly Fascist and determined to undo the entire revolution that had dethroned the previously dominant powers—the landed classes and the Catholic Church.

These were the circumstances under which Nagy came to office, but not to power, in an attempt to find a middle alternative to the disintegrating Communist regime. Nagy, however, never showed any sign of ability to get his government recognised by the main body of the insurgents; and the more he tried to broaden its basis by including a wide variety of political personalities, the less did he seem able to give any effective lead. The out-and-out reactionaries felt strong enough simply to ignore him; and the workers' councils did not rally round him because he gave them no clear impression of what he was trying to do. Sheer chaos thus threatened the country; and it is not possible to say what would have happened had not the Soviet Union, after once evacuating Budapest, sent back its tanks and lent its backing to the attempt to construct a new Communist government under the leadership of Janos Kadar.

Despite these uncertainties I have no doubt that the Russians were wrong in deciding to use force in order to maintain Hungarian Communism in power. They were wrong, because it was clear enough that the Communist regime could be upheld only by naked military force, and that this force would be for a long time the sole means of preventing further revolt. This implies—what I believe to be true—that Communism had made itself too unpopular in Hungary for there to be any prospect of even a liberalised version of it—à la Tito or à la Gomulka—maintaining itself in power without the backing of Soviet armed force, and because a Communist regime sustained by foreign arms was calculated, apart from the sheer immorality of the whole proceeding, to do even more harm to the cause of Communism than even the entire loss of Hungary to the Soviet bloc.

Nevertheless, I recognise that the Russians had a difficult choice to make; for I do not feel able to believe that, had they stood aside, the Hungarian people would have been in a position freely and democratically to decide their own destiny. The various elements that had joined together in the uprising, having no common policy, would have been bound to fall out; and probably there would have been, even in the absence of western intervention, a civil war of which it is impossible to predict the outcome.

There is, I think, no doubt that the Russians hesitated before embarking on their second intervention. They were bound to do so; for it involved them in action which ran sharply counter to their international policy of seeking a *détente* with the West. The alternative, however, seemed to be not only the loss of Hungary as a member of the Soviet bloc, but also the danger of dissolution of the bloc as a whole if Hungary broke away from it. This danger was, I think, less than it was made out to be; for until the German question is settled and the eastern frontiers of Germany are finally agreed, both Poland and Czechoslovakia will have overwhelmingly strong reasons for remaining faithful to their alliance with Russia, however much they may wish to alter its terms to their advantage.

In considering the Russians' behaviour, it is necessary to bear in mind the implications of the Communist philosophy as a whole. According to this philosophy, Communism is beyond question the right system—that which is destined by the laws of history to prevail in due course over the entire world. This being so, the question arises whether any country that has once come under a Communist dictatorship can be allowed to renounce Communism in favour of any other system. To do so is, in the Communist view, to embrace "counter-revolution," no matter whether the new regime be Fascist or capitalist, autocratic or bourgeois-parliamentary, or even social democratic after the western fashion. This is what Communists mean when they denounce the entire Hungarian uprising as a manifestation of "counter-revolution." It is the counterpart of the attitude of those who see in it a holy struggle for emancipation from Communism and group together as "fighters for freedom" all those who are hostile to Communism, whether they be democratic Socialists or advocates of a return to private ownership and private enterprise, or upholders of aristocracy or even of Horthy-style Fascism.

Both these views are unacceptable to real believers in democratic Socialism, who reject dictatorship of either the right or the left, but stand for a regime based on public ownership and collective control of the means of production and on the nearest practicable approach to social equality through the "welfare state." To such Socialists it must matter a great deal whether the Hungarians, left to themselves, could construct a society in broad conformity with these democratic principles or would fall back under reactionary and in effect Fascist rule. Even if, as democrats, Socialists are prepared to say that the Hungarians ought to be free to choose whatever regime the majority of them prefer, they cannot help being aware that in such a situation as exists in Hungary, and as existed before the Russians intervened, the deciding factor cannot be in practice what a majority of the people would vote for; for there is no real possibility of holding a free election in a country plunged into civil war. In such circumstances, what settles the issue is the preponderance of power, which is quite as likely to be in the hands of a minority as of a majority and is indeed certain to be disputed by rival minorities, with the majority of the people, especially in a mainly agricultural country, playing hardly more than a negative role.

I can see, then, why the Russians, on the basis of their Communist philosophy, came down, however reluctantly, on the side of intervention in arms. But, not being a Communist and disapproving strongly of this philosophy, I hold that they did grievous wrong. For, unlike the Communists, I hold that it is morally wrong to impose a regime on a people by external force, even if such action does work out favourably for the cause of world revolution—which, I believe, in the present case it is unlikely to do. I am simply not prepared to subordinate all other considerations to the promotion of Socialism—in which I do believe—and much less of Soviet Communism—in which I do not. I hold that Socialism can legitimately be sought for only by means consistent with decent moral conduct, which involves leaving each people free, for better or worse, to settle its own affairs. To that extent, I believe that peoples have a right to self-determination, and reject the notion that the only true right is the "historic" right of the proletariat, or of the working class in a wider sense, as a single worldwide power, to overbear all its opponents in the general interests of the world revolution.

G. D. H. COLE

Fleet Street Notebook

THE trouble that Mr. Dulles is having in explaining to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives just what the Eisenhower plan for the Middle East involves is nothing to the ripe confusion that ruled among leader writers when the cables covering Mr. Eisenhower's statement arrived in Fleet Street.

The extent to which Fleet Street was divided became obvious from the first reactions on Sunday. To the *Observer*, "President Eisenhower's request to Congress will, if granted, reassure America's allies both in western Europe and the Middle East itself of her readiness and capacity to fulfil her existing pledge in time. . . . Without demanding the alliance of the 'neutralist' Arab states it may deter Soviet aggression." The *Sunday Times*, however, found it "a perplexing stroke of policy . . . not a policy but the prelude to a policy," and warned darkly that by "treating indiscriminately the friendly and the hostile" it might "strip the West of all respect by peoples who may be backward but have learnt to be realists." To *Reynolds* it was "part of the price of the crass stupidity of Eden's Suez adventure." "Between them," it warned, "the United States and the Soviet Union threaten to bring undiluted cold war to the world's hottest trouble spot." "The fundamental question," it said, "is whether the United Nations is to be the effective instrument of world opinion in the area." The 5,000,000 or so readers of the *People* were called on to shout hurrah because "at long last America realises the need to protect our interests."

Nor did Monday bring anything that the earnest searcher after truth could pin down as "a consensus of opinion." The *Manchester Guardian* headlined its leader (the most favourable in any newspaper) "A Generous Offer." *The Times*, more inhibited, would go no further than, "Good in Parts." According to the *Guardian* leader, the offer was not only the most "hopeful step since August towards peacemaking in the Middle East" but much "more subtle" than might at first appear, combining "the fullest respect both for the United Nations and for the national independence of other countries." It thought the President deserved warm thanks for an initiative which would "curb militant nationalism without hampering the creative side of national self-ambition," which would provide "versatile means of action" to deal with the most urgent problems of the Middle East including the Arab-Israeli conflict, and which had "gauged correctly" the present mood of the U.N. Assembly. The *Guar-*

dian's opposite number in Printing House Square judged differently, remarking sourly that if it is easy to say that "it comes very late, is fearfully vague in parts and is largely irrelevant to the main cause of the Middle East upheavals, tensions and dangers," there was, all the same, "truth in all these complaints."

Reading the same text, the *News Chronicle* leader writer (who complained that the plan showed "not enough daring" and was "more of a sedative than a stimulant. That is its weakness and danger") found, however, that the one clear advantage was that "The great Republican leader has chosen the path we should never have left, support for the authority of the United Nations."

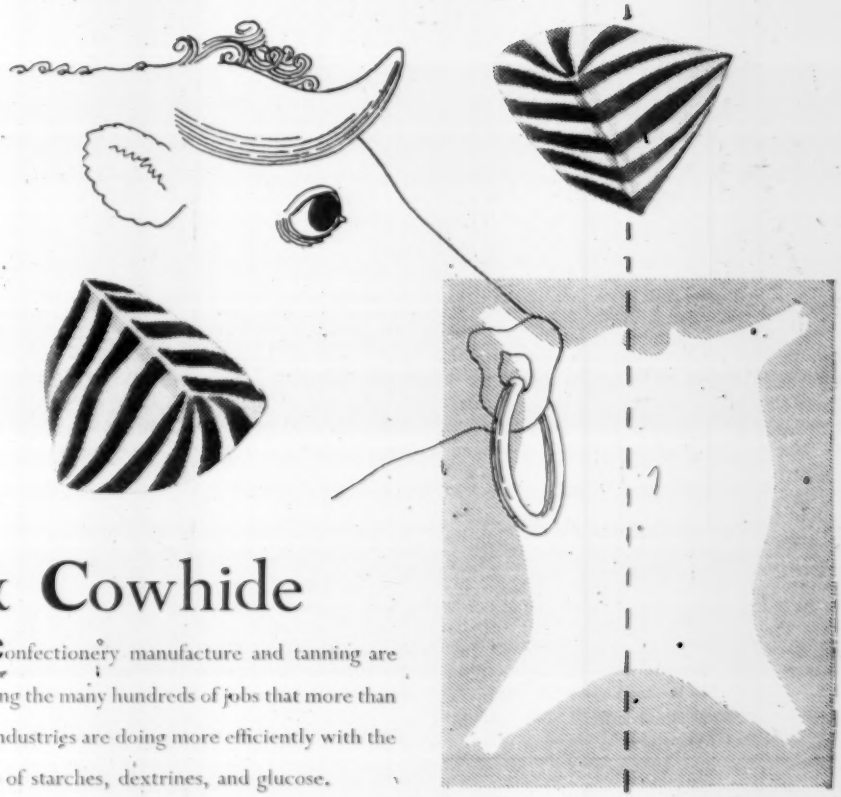
"President Eisenhower has made one of the historic speeches of our time," proclaimed the *Daily Mail*. "The New World has taken a tremendous step into the old. . . . The vacuum prevented for decades by British statesmanship has at last occurred and the United States now fills it." "Far from trying to fill the vacuum created by the withdrawal of Britain," countered the *Daily Telegraph*, "the United States is attempting a new feat in foreign affairs—to guarantee and preserve a vacuum." It considered that "it was likely to be more effective at home as a piece of democratic propaganda than abroad as a piece of diplomacy," and said that on many matters it "simply restates the obvious." The *Herald*—"Ike Gives A Lead"—thought it "realistic." "It offers," it said, "scope for the United Nations to take over more and more responsibility for both peace and economic progress in the area." The *Mirror's* readers were told that it was wise and courageous, although late, and that it was now more essential than ever that the Tory Party should "select a leader who can again walk into the White House and be welcomed and trusted." Those of the *Sketch* were informed that "first there was double talk from Washington, then there was open hostility. Now there seems to be something like a strange indifference to the vital interests of Britain." As for the readers of the *Express*, they were forced to look for truth at the bottom of a well—or a parable. "Holding a bone in its mouth," gloomily commented their favourite leader writer, "a dog looked into a pool of water. There it saw the reflection of the bone. Opening its jaws it reached down to seize the reflection and in doing so it lost the reality." This translated by the wise elders—or elder—of Shoe Lane apparently meant that "since the U.S. is unable to champion Arabs against the Israelis she will not get the rewards in Arab friendship for which she has sacrificed her British partner."

To the *Financial Times* the most striking fact about the Eisenhower declaration was the extent to which it made clear the essentials of U.S. policy: "President Eisenhower only wants to promise help to states subjected to Russian military aggression. But the serious problems in the Middle East are those which only concern Russia at second hand." The *Daily Worker* saw deeper and farther, perceiving what the *Financial Times* so oddly missed. What the Eisenhower statement made clear at last, it announced in one of the surprising remarks of the week, was that: "For all the ravings against the Russians and Chinese in the past few years it has been the British people and many British capitalists who have been the real target and the victims of U.S. imperialism."

Things are surely coming to a sorry pass when Throgmorton Street has to look to the *Daily Worker* rather than the *Financial Times* to sound a warning bell. Lord Bracken is obviously taking things too easily these days.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Bull's-eyes



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The Moulder of Minds

"A LOT of us," says Toby Dermic, "have taken refuge in the Foreign Service like they did in monasteries when religion was current as rock and roll. Take me, Toby Dermic. What am I doing in Ljubliana, Vice-Consul Infm.? I am a victim, old boy, victim of the written word. Once I thought I was a Moulder of Minds."

Toby is as bald as an egg, and wears a vibrant pepper and salt, with a stiff collar and black tie. His red face is centred by a huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and he has the rosy air of a business man who has been boiled and then lightly birched all over by a Finn. His life story is worth hearing. "It was all mishaps, old boy," he says. "My first was hair. I used to do all my own advertising. I believed in style. 'Have you tried Dermic's Undetectable Hair? Wigs, toupées, curls, postiches, switches, scalpettes, rats, transformations. . . . Everything except the hair on your chest.' It was a big business, but declining. More baldness cures on the market, I suppose. Or man's metabolism being changed by the atom? I don't know. Anyway it was a mishap. I said to my manager 'This won't do. When in doubt *expand*.' And we expanded. After all, why stop at hair? I drafted something more generous. 'If not hair, we can supply you with false limbs, screw-on, locking, tacking or glued. Why be a legless wonder when Dermic can help you?' The response was not very big. However, I was optimistic and wanted to expand further —to embrace the Whole Man. I was willing to supply spare parts for the whole human frame but my partner vanished and left me holding the baby. Another mishap.'

"I don't say I was daunted, old boy, but I felt I needed a change. So I dropped hair and bought a share in the *Matrimonial Register*. This was good biz. You know the sort of thing? 'Catholic maiden, on plump side, 47, with rich humorous personality wishes to meet honourable financier interested in flowers and music.' The stuff fairly rolled in and marriage boomed. We never even saw the advertisers till they came to blows and got their pictures in the Sunday press. And there was no writing to do. In fact I was sitting tight and pretty had it not been for Gonvil, a sort of yellow-fanged modern poet fellow. He read proofs and put the paper to bed for a pittance. I admit the material is enough to try one but there is no excuse for what he did. He drank of course. I suppose that is how he came to do it. All I know is that the *Register* came out suddenly with a surrealist number, with a banner headline reading, 'Why Marry When You Can Burn This?'

"And in amongst all these little heartbreak offerings the wretched fellow had inserted imaginery ones of his own composition. 'Lazy dwarf needs literate wife to read newspaper. Can Tattoo. Own needle.' 'Dainty petite clergyman's daughter wishes to meet someone instinct with life. Only alcoholics please.' 'Tearful but restrained city worker wishes mental stimulation.' 'Charmless homunculus wishes to meet jolly widow.' 'Cheerful silly actress desires pen-friend. Frog-man would suit.' 'Dimpled nudist, generous proportions, desires soul-mate, thirteen hands.' 'Rosicrucian dentist offers electrically-heated contemplation-mat.'

"Well, you can imagine the sort of mishap that was, old man. Gonvil must have gone beserk. As he got drunker, the poet came more and more to the surface. 'Fluent dummy with ventriloquist's growth urgently seeks famished room with parent.' 'Small pegamoid man, M.A. Cantab., seeks tangible rubber acme. Own soft plug.' 'British born bivalve with sponge cogs seeks post in animal factor's poem.' The last in the paper read: 'Refined drunkard would take a few pupils.'

"After that I said: 'Dermic, you've had it. Into the F.O. with you.' Of course I never *told* them. But they were awfully nice. I think, old boy, they felt that my past was something like yours, and it was safer in the long run to have us both on their side."

LAWRENCE DURRELL

It is more than two hundred years since Drambuie was first brought to Scotland by Bonnie Prince Charlie. The pleasant custom of drinking a liqueur becomes, with Drambuie, part of a tradition that has its origin in the colourful days of the eighteenth century.

Drambuie

The Arts and Entertainment

The Honours List

THE Beaverbrook press has never prided itself on being a friend of culture. All the more meritorious, then, is the foundation by the *Evening Standard* of a set of annual theatre awards, of which the second year results have just been announced. Anything which stimulates discussion about the theatre above the gossip level is to be welcomed (provided, of course, that the actual decisions are not taken over-seriously) and I personally found particularly interesting the published extracts from the panel's debate. They had four awards to make: the best play of the year, the best performance by an actor, the best performance by an actress and the best musical. Their deliberations serve to remind us that the past year has by no means been a bad one. The candidates which they discussed for the best play were Peter Ustinov's *Romanoff and Juliet*, Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, *The Diary of Anne Frank* by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, and *The Chalk Garden* by Enid Bagnold. Others they might well have considered but apparently didn't were Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fellow*, Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood* and Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, and *Look Back in Anger*. *The Quare Fellow*, rather surprisingly, was not even canvassed. But the panel had a fit of conscience about John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* and created a special award for it "as the most promising play of the year." They would, indeed, have looked foolish if they hadn't, for though something about this play seems to have maddened some of the older generation, it was undoubtedly the most startling success of the year and—a most important factor—it appealed especially to the intelligent young; and a theatre which failed, as our theatre seemed to be doing, to appeal to the intelligent young, would be a theatre on its way out. *Look Back in Anger* would undoubtedly have been the highbrow choice of the year, but the theatre cannot by its nature be an exclusively highbrow business (thank goodness!); and anyhow it would have been arguable that as a finished thing the play was less successful than it was in its parts. The Anouilh and the *Diary of Anne Frank* were excluded—rightly, I think—as being, I suppose, not strictly new (and perhaps, unconsciously anyhow, as not being English, and could that have been the reason, too, for not discussing *A View from the Bridge*?); and Mr. Harold Hobson threatening—wrongly as I think—to wreck the table if anyone nominated *The Chalk Garden*, Mr. Ustinov's play was adjudged the winner. But the award apart, eight considerable candidates is a good crop for one year.

Had I been present I should have provoked Mr. Hobson's table-wrecking, for I think *The Chalk Garden* decidedly deserved consideration. I lately saw this play for the second time when Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis took over with very great accomplishment the part created by Dame Peggy Ashcroft. I should rank this play now even higher than I did when I first saw it. I remember complaining then that all the business about the Governess turning out to be a released murderess was fiction cliché of an all too predictable kind. Seeing it again, I realise that this thread is much less central to the play than it appears at first viewing. It was, I still think, a miscalculation on the author's part to use it, since the act of murder is so special that, like animal performances or performing children, it always "steals the show." But the play is a not unprofound psychological study written in a brilliant artificial prose most elegantly turned and phrased. It is a continual pleasure to listen to.

Still (after we had set the table on its legs again before Mr. Hobson) I should all the same have concurred with the majority verdict. I missed Mr. Ustinov's play when it first appeared but I laughed continuously and uproariously at it later in its run. *Romanoff and Juliet* scores over *The Chalk Garden* in being theatrically a great deal more interesting. So deft is the dialogue and so amusing the situations that audiences don't even realise that they are being treated to a theatrical experiment. Mr. Ustinov invents his own kind of fantasy and creates an atmosphere where addressing the audience direct is perfectly in keeping. In this, too, by the way, he has the edge over Mr. Osborne. Jimmy Porter's angle of view may be new in the theatre, but it is cramped behind the old static three walls. Experiment was recognised, too, in the award to *Cranks* as the best musical. I cannot pretend that I personally enjoyed this very idiosyncratic revue. It was both too repetitive and too arty for my taste. But its originality certainly deserved recognition.

When the panel turned to adjudging the best performances of the year by an actor and actress, they had a job which I don't envy them. With

the choice of Dame Peggy for her performance in *The Chalk Garden* it is difficult to quarrel. Perfection is perfection. But on this principle at least two other performances compete. Dame Edith's in the same play was no less perfection. And I do not think to say of it "it was a part she could play on her head" is a sound argument against it. (This was the argument the panel had against giving the actor's award to Alec Guinness for his part in *Hotel Paradiso*. That Dame Edith and Mr. Guinness have respectively brought their talents to the pitch of perfection in these plays is true. But there can be nothing better than the best.) I know no pleasure so satisfying as watching Dame Edith practising her supreme art supremely as she does in *The Chalk Garden*. If you happen to have missed it, I strongly recommend you to repair the omission.

The other supreme performance by an actress in the year was Miss Dorothy Tutin's Hedvig in the John Clements *Wild Duck*. I never hope to see this difficult part so beautifully brought off. Several others I would have canvassed. Dame Sybil Thorndike, for that marvellously delivered last speech in the Brook-Scofield *Family Reunion* and Perlita Neilson for her touchingly childlike Anne Frank. And though I suppose Stratford lay outside the panel's province, we cannot leave 1956 without a mention of Miss Margaret Johnson's remarkable season there. In all she did her touch was wonderfully sure. She was both the best Portia and the best Desdemona I ever remember —a rather curious combination.

Mr. Paul Scofield won the actor's award for his whisky-priest in *The Power and the Glory*: a very just decision, too, for his was a wonderfully telling piece of acting. I should have wanted two others bracketed with his—Guinness (already ruled out) and Mr. Ustinov whose playing of the chief part in his own play was certainly one of the great post-war comic performances. I should have nominated, too, Mr. Denholm Elliott for his Pole in *Who Cares*, Anthony Quayle for Arthur Miller's Eddie, and Mr. Hugh Griffiths for his old general in the Anouilh play (which reminds me that I have left out from the ladies Miss Beatrix Lehmann's horrifyingly vivid irruption as his wife). Mr. Kenneth Haigh's young man, all witty-self-pity in *Look Back in Anger*, deserves recalling. George Cole gave a classic display in a revival of *Mr. Bolfry*; and one half of Mr. Morley in *A Likely Tale* was sheer delight. The panel arbitrarily ruled against good performances in bad plays or Sir John Gielgud's valet in the Coward play would have had to be considered.

I have turned this article into a private honours list and I should have liked to prolong it. There should be a section for producers and another for designers. But I will end by giving the highest award of this column for the Man of the Theatre of the Year to Mr. George Devine who has launched the Royal Court with such signal success, a success which we all hope will be cumulative.

T. C. WORSLEY

Big Stuff

WHETHER through sheer size, or for the last appearance of James Dean, or for its apposite concern with Texas oil, *Giant* (at Warners) commands attention. Here at last is a mammoth (about three and a quarter hours) which isn't just another film record of a Broadway musical, and which aims to be something more than a gaudy and expensive spectacle. Expensive it must have been: but in taking Edna Ferber's long chronicle of Texas cattle-barons and oil-men as his first subject since *Shane*, George Stevens had something to say as well.

What he has to say is often interesting, pregnant, and worth hearing. The first hour of *Giant*, centred on a vast Texas cattle ranch in the Twenties, is full of good scenes, memorable vistas: the nineteenth-century Gothic mansion starting up like a mirage in the arid waste; the coarse, friendly, materialistic community of cattlemen and their dowdy wives, clannish and racially intolerant; the decrepit shanty town to which their Mexican servants ("waterbacks") are condemned. It is all infernally reminiscent of what one reads of South African society today; and Stevens, who is a liberal without being quite a radical (he is too fascinated by wealth for that), shows it vividly, with honesty and edge.

There is a story, of course. Bick Benedict, owner of the fabulous Reatta ranch (595,000 acres) brings a wife to Texas from the East, and it is through her eyes that we see this strange, feudal, epic world. Her impulses are more civilised than her husband's. She wants to share his life; and she finds herself excluded from most of it. She wants to help and heal the poor; and her husband tells her she should be unaware of their existence. But Benedict's complacent conservatism does not have the last word; odd-job man around the ranch, befriended only by Bick's sister, is young Jett Rink. Jett is a bitter-friendly, merourial character (you will readily guess who plays him), despised by the prosperous cattlemen, yet not to be classed with the Mexicans, a poor white, a trouble-maker. But it is Jett who strikes oil.

It is Jett's oil, rather than Benedict's children and grandchildren, that powers the second half of *Giant*. But the transmission is faulty, and there are times when the film slows perilously near to a standstill, before the theme of racial tolerance is revived, and the story ends with a good and valuable gesture. The reasons for this loss of grip are worth pondering. Is it just a question of length? Are these long chronicle films just too demanding in a medium as intense and concentrated as the cinema? I do not think so. It is the scenario of *Giant* that falters; and I think the way it falters is inevitable in a film which costs as much money to make as this one—and which therefore has to *make* as much money as this one. For how can interest be sustained? The people must develop, the relationships deepen and progress. And themes (of money, power, etc.) must develop too. Stevens, alas, is able to do neither of these things. The characterisation remains *Saturday Evening Post*—indeed, with Bick and his wife declining into a gracious, greying hero and heroine, and their children multiplying, growing up and marrying, it becomes more rather than less superficial. And, for obvious reasons, the criticism of Texas capitalism has to be implicit rather than explicit, hinted in ironic touches rather than plainly exposed. However, even at this diminished strength, Stevens's achievement deserves a salute. Jett Rink's jubilee dinner party, with its fawning politicos and its unabashed worship of cash, is a remarkable satirical set-piece; and the last two reels—a sort of *Gentleman's Agreement* in miniature—take us back to those post-war days when Hollywood had more courage and vitality to the foot than it has now to a couple of miles of film. As the American friend with whom I saw *Giant* remarked, respectfully: "Nobody's dared do a thing like that since they kicked the Communists out of Hollywood."

Deeper considerations apart, this is an exceptionally handsome film, and a fine piece of craftsmanship. Only the music is trite (Dmitri Tiomkin). The settings have attentive feeling for period and social level, and Stevens's direction, if only intermittently really eloquent, has a rare solidity and sobriety throughout. The acting is modestly adequate by Rock Hudson, good by Elizabeth Taylor, and virtuoso by James Dean, whose Jett Rink is a wilful and brilliant variation on the character he made his own, and died for—the baffled, tender, violent adolescent, rejected by the world which he rejects. The middle-aged Jett Rink he could not manage: a matured, hopelessly corrupt character was beyond him. And there is one other player I would like to mention: that frumpish, well-meaning girl-next-door, who develops so splendidly into a roaring, red-haired middle-aged Texas hoyden. Who is this but Jane Withers, once the plumper, more rumbustious rival of Shirley Temple?

LINDSAY ANDERSON

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MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Prospecting

THERE are intellectual occupations for which danger-money should be paid: criticism of the popular arts is one of them. The danger is that of laughing oneself into a permanent state of cynicism, as is only natural after a year in which over half of all popular records bought in the USA have been by Mr. Elvis Presley. And yet, can we grudge his owner, Col. "Tennessee" Tom Parker, a gentleman once active in the promotion of circuses, the money he has made out of his property, with the aid of a Mr. Hank G. Saperstein, to whom the Harlem Globetrotters are also said to owe much? Can we grudge Presley himself the million he has made in a year with the help of profits on sponsored goods such as the "houndburger" (named after his great song-hit "Hound Dog")? It is described as "a hamburger with glamor." Clearly somebody deserves to make money out of an invention like that in a society crazy enough to let him. When the suckers are born every minute, not singly, as Barnum thought, but in millions, there will be promoters for them. And yet—there is something disarming about an industry which can produce a rock-and-roll record called "A Message from James Dean," complete with sound-effects of the car in which he killed himself and a moralising rhythmical doggerel purporting to be sung by his spirit. If the authors of Victorian street-ballads had been able to make records, they would have made them like this, and the English recording companies who have recoiled from issuing this one here show a lack of spirit. As the disenchanted critic looks forward to 1957, he feels that a business so innocent of taste and self-consciousness as to produce this record and the one called "Jimmy Dean's First Christmas in Heaven" may just succeed in producing uncut diamonds as well as tons of rubble.

Well, perhaps. There is no strong case for optimism. But the charm of jazz criticism is precisely its unpredictability. Nobody knows where either the serious artists or the best-sellers of 1957 will come from. From rock-and-roll which has dominated 1956? Almost certainly not, though Britain will be lucky to welcome at least two authentic and powerful blues singers, who will doubtless be sold to an unsuspecting public as rock-and-rollers: "Big Bill Broonzy," who has been here before, and "Brother John Sellers." Both have made splendid records, Broonzy mainly for Vogue, Sellers for Vanguard. I strongly urge readers to go to their concerts. What will come out of the next craze after rock-and-roll? It looks as though this will be West Indian: already calypsos are sweeping the market in the USA. Here there are real possibilities. Though calypsos are boring, and will probably be exploited largely for the ease with which they camouflage pornography, stimulating discoveries wait to be made among other kinds of West Indian music, which is rhythmically more interesting than most jazz. For some seven years much fascinating and charming stuff has been recorded in Britain—largely for the export market—and Mr. Humphrey Lyttleton has experimented, not unsuccessfully, with combinations of the jazz and West Indian idioms. A good deal of this material may well be disinterred for our pleasure. Indeed, if there is really to be a major vogue for West Indian music our immigrants will certainly turn out to be a reservoir of undiscovered or unexploited talent. Frankly, I do not find in any West Indian music the emotional power of a good blues, but it is good music for all that.

Where else are we to look? One would not really care to prophesy. Indeed, I begin the year in a pensive mood, induced by the following observations of the sociologist, T. W. Adorno, which I found in a volume of essays called *Prismen* which I translate from the German:

> The object of jazz is the mechanical reproduction of a regressive impetus, a castration-symbolism, the meaning of which appears to be: resign your claim to masculinity, let yourself be castrated, as the eunuch-like sound of the jazz-band mockingly proclaims, and your reward will be membership in a society of males which shares with you the secret of impotence, which is lifted at the moment of initiation.

Readers anxious to verify this might consider getting "New Orleans Jazz" (Brunswick LAT 8146, 12 inch): twelve 1940 numbers by the great men of New Orleans, Armstrong, Bechet, Dodds, Noone and the rest. Or, if they prefer live jazz, they might like to listen to Mr. Eddie Condon who brings his group from New York to the Stoll on the 27th, after giving concerts in various provincial towns. At bottom Condon's team is still made up of the white players who, as schoolboys in the Chicago of the 1920s, fell in love with the music of the great New Orleans Negroes who had migrated north. None of them was or is in the class of their masters; all of them play authentic jazz as they learned it. Condon himself, a guitarist, has had the luck and judgment to be concerned in the making of a handful of haunting records, which have gained him the lasting goodwill of all jazz-lovers; records whose "Chicago" style of "hardboiled eloquence" (to use Wilder Hobson's phrase) makes them a sort of musical equivalent to the contemporary Hemingway and Dashiell Hammett: the McKenzie-Condon's Chicagoans *Liza* and *Sugar* of 1927 (Parlophone), the Chicago Rhythm Kings's *I've Found a New Baby* and *There'll Be Some Changes Made* of 1928 (Brunswick), Eddie's Hot Shots's *I'm Gonna Stomp, Mr. Henry Lee* (HMV), the Condon Orchestra's *Home Cooking* (Parlophone) Condon was also involved in classic performances by great coloured players, such as Fats Waller's *The Minor Drag* and Coleman Hawkins's remarkable *One Hour* and *Hello Lola* (1929). We shall not hear quite this sort of thing, for New York in the 1950s is not Chicago in the 1920s, and public taste requires more of New Orleans than either. But we can look forward to his visit with some confidence, especially as he brings with him a fine drummer—George Wettling—and an appealing trumpeter, Wild Bill Davison. Whatever the year will bring, it will begin with enjoyable jazz.

British music-lovers of all kinds are also likely to welcome the great Louis Armstrong once again. The success of his Festival Hall appearance with the Royal Philharmonic was such that there is talk of a series of ten more such combined operations. For Armstrong's sake, one is pleased. Playing with a symphony orchestra is, for many jazz-players, a little like getting a knighthood, since they are as irrational about honours lists as most of us. Presumably the symphonic players are equally pleased to perform with an artist of Armstrong's distinction. Whether it is a good thing to mix two kinds of music, or of audience, is another matter.

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Masks and Faces

IF there had been television in the seventeenth century, Cromwell would have been a "television personality" because of his warts.

Nothing becomes so boring to viewers as the sleek, smooth, too-well-groomed, show-business professional who thinks that "glamour"—the cosmetic obliteration of the marks of age and temperament—will bring him or her success on TV. A blank, merely pretty, tarted-up face is the dullest thing on the screen. Even spectacles help—and a remarkably high percentage of the most popular performers, commentators, and interviewers wear them.

Early this week it was a relief, therefore, instead of the holiday surfeit of slick theatrical banality, to watch a number of people, in various programmes, who were simply being themselves and had interesting selves to be. On two successive nights—in ITV's *About Religion* and the BBC's *Meet Jeanne Heal*—we saw an Anglican nun and a Buddhist nun. In Miss Heal's programme we also saw a rich London shopkeeper's daughter who married a Corsican fisherman and lives as an ordinary fisherman's wife, fetching water from a pump.

Of these two programmes, fascinating as both of them were, I thought the former the better, partly because twenty-five instead of about seven minutes could be devoted to the exploration of a human being, her character and motives, partly because the Prioress had the advantage of being explored by Mr. John Betjeman, Miss Monica Dickens, and Mr. Anthony Greenwood, who all know something about their subject and did not flounder about in its shallows (though chastity was unfortunately crowded out of the discussion by poverty and obedience). This does not mean that their questions were above the heads of the ordinary viewer: it means that the "plain man" is not necessarily the best interrogator on his own behalf, and that these three were aware of the sort of questions he would want to ask (such as whether a lot of women living in seclusion together didn't quarrel all the time), but were able so to frame them that the essential and important answers were drawn out. (Compare Mr. Mayhew's visit to Mirfield, the archetype of such interviews.)

By contrast, Miss Heal seemed almost ill at ease with her bald-headed Buddhist nun, whose face, like that of the Anglican prioress, showed strength and a certain severity, lit occasionally by an unforced and charming smile. I thought Miss Heal's other interview the more successful, for her: she was on familiar ground when asking about trouble with in-laws (but the Corsican mother-in-law was, said the ex-heiress, "sweet"). The heiress, however, Mme Toussaint Orsini, looked far less happy than her sunburned husband, even though she committed herself to the remarkable overstatement: "In Corsica you can be absolutely free." The cameras suggested, as TV cameras are apt to, a certain tension, an attitude of defiant determination to make the best of the bed she had chosen to lie in. But this may have been merely studio nerves.

All this was material for some interesting comparisons: three women who had found, presumably, satisfaction by drastic breaks with the lives to which they had been brought up. The Prioress had found it by denying self, by subjecting herself to the will of God and the discipline of a community. The Buddhist had found it in what seemed exactly the opposite way, by deliberate self-consciousness: "we watch everything we do . . . and become aware of ourselves." The heiress had found it in secular, but eccentric, self-fulfilment. It would be invidious, and question-begging, to say which of the three faces, in this ruthless medium, looked the least serene.

One other face and personality had a peculiar impact this week—those of the Rev. Brian Hession, who was chosen for *This Is Your Life* because he had recovered from an "inoperable" cancer, diagnosed when he had, so the surgeons said, only four days to live. The "formula"

requires that the subject of this programme should be unaware that he has been chosen for it until actually confronted with the studio audience, cheering and laughing at his discomfiture—which, in this case, was obviously considerable. Why is this formula invariable? The identity of the subject could have been kept secret from the viewers; but Mr. Hession should have been warned. Only the essential niceness of Eamonn Andrews, working very hard, saved the BBC from the consequences of a gross lapse of taste. However, the situation was sufficiently compelling to keep me from switching to *Cool for Cats* until it was nearly over: I caught a glimpse of five Negro boys, each with a big T on his sweater, singing, with enormous verve, "I'm not a juvenile delinquent."

Usually we have had to accuse the BBC of excessive stuffiness rather than of errors of taste; but I am a little surprised that they have not imposed one of their well-known (and often foolish) bans on a current "hit" song, "The Garden of Eden." Jack Payne, introducing it in *Off the Record*, himself seemed a bit uncomfortable about it. The tune is, indeed, delightful: the lyric exploits the sensual charms of the woman you are walking with in the Garden of Eden, and encourages resistance to the "Voice in the Garden" that "tells you she is forbidden." Such heterodox exegesis is objectionable not only to Fundamentalists but to those who dislike the vulgarisation of sublime folklore.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—Mr. Mendelson is backing legend, not fact, and wilfully. The danger of his view is that many still hold, if unconsciously, that agitators make revolutions. Admittedly, Mr. Mendelson's claim is only that agitators were corrupting the basic nature and direction of a mass movement. But it rings similar. His account of an insurrection falling into right-wing hands is an admirable adumbration from a Sheffield armchair. When Basil Davidson, who was there, carefully refuted his factual errors on Hungary, Mr. Mendelson gave no sufficient reply, but simply summarised his theory once again. His choice of sources for facts, throughout the correspondence, has been amusing. Always *Le Figaro* and *Le Monde*, *The New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*, never the eleven Polish Communist journalists, the correspondents of *France-Observateur*, of the Italian Socialist *Avanti*, of the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Worker*, of your journal, all of whom were on the scene.

What in fact do the left writers who were present have to say? Mr. Mendelson speaks of the Radio Free Europe enclave in Györ. Here is *France-Observateur*, January 3, 1957: "They have often told us that the town of Györ was effectively in the hands of the most reactionary elements, and they have presented its mayor, Attila Szigeti, as a man under the orders of Radio Free Europe. In reality, he was a democratic Communist, a friend of Nagy, expelled by Rakosi in March, 1955." In his book, *The Hungarian Tragedy*, Peter Fryer notes that, meeting at Györ his first "true counter-revolutionary," a young monarchist, he was told by him, *à propos* of Szigeti and his associates, "They are going to pacify us rather than mobilise us." And *France-Observateur* again: "When a reactionary 'commando' group wanted to chase Szigeti from the town hall, it was the entire population which came to his aid and which reduced this attempt to nothing." Silo, revolutionary military commander in Györ, was reported by *France-Observateur* as a veteran Communist and a former fighter in the International Brigade.

Mr. Mendelson refers mysteriously to supporters of Franco. Inside Hungary, with startling compression, he links overt Fascism to an "Adenauer-type Christian Democratic Party." He then speaks as if the mere foundation and the total victory of a "Christian Front" were one and the same event. Marian Bielecki of Polish Radio reported the formation of the Mindszentyite faction very differently. He spoke to a major figure in the Smallholders party the day of its reconstitution, about elections and the likely mandate. "We will have from 30 to 35 per cent. of the votes," said his informant, "at least, if they don't form a Christian party, for, in principle anyway, our electorates are the same." Two days later, after the Christian party had been formed, the same politician rubbed his hands gleefully replying to the same questions and remarked, "They don't bother us, they are condemned in the voters' eyes, since they've posed the issue of restoration of Church lands. It's madness to think of such a thing—and to speak of it, worse."

In an earlier letter, Mr. Mendelson seized on Joszef Dudas, who led a small group in Budapest, as an *eminence grise* of the Hungarian Fascists. *France-Observateur* notes that he is the only such "counter-revolutionary" anyone has been able to name. Basil Davidson reported that the arrest of Dudas by Maleter's forces went smoothly, and met no resistance, and that only two out of 800 members of the Budapest Military Revolutionary Committee opposed it. Moreover, who was Dudas, actually, and what were his supporters? I quote Wictor Woroszylski, editor-in-chief of Warsaw's *Nowa Kultura*, who, unlike Mr. Mendelson, was on the scene. "Here is a succinct biography of Joszef Dudas, as given by one of his propagandists. Born 1912, profession mechanical engineer. Joined the Communist Party but left it in 1940. He joined the Smallholders. Immediately after the war, elected to Parliament. From 1946 to 1954, he was imprisoned, without trial or sentence, in different gaols and camps. Participant in the insurrection since the beginning. . . . We asked Dudas how he defined the character of his movement. Without reflection, he launched four adjectives: national, revolutionary, democratic, Socialist." Mr. Woroszylski's report is too long to quote entire. But I cite this remark of Dudas: "We must complete the government with representatives of the traditional democratic parties. But, on the other hand, we cannot tolerate right-wing groupings or Fascists. We must preserve the Socialist regime, while guaranteeing to all citizens freedom of conscience and while rejecting all economic dogmas." Woroszylski's conclusion seems to be that Dudas expressed unexceptionable views but also an immense personal ambition. His support of the government was conditional on his own entry into the broad coalition. He proposed to negotiate personally with Moscow. Not, it seems, a Fascist, but more simply, a gang leader, an isolated strong man. And his men? Were they Fascist-minded, or willing to support a Napoleonic coup? Said one of them to the Poles, waving his pistol towards a Free Europe loudspeaker: "That's also lies. . Propaganda."

What of the rest of the Fascists, those imported from the West? In an earlier letter, Mr. Mendelson cited M. Thomas Schreiber, of Agence France-Presse, as an honest reporter, Hungarian-speaking, who holds views like his own. In *France-Observateur* of January 3, M. Schreiber writes: "The Hungarian Revolution was not exempt from agitation by extremist right-wing elements who naively hoped—like reactionaries everywhere—that the youth, the workers and the intellectuals of Budapest fought for them. I was in Hungary in that period and I often warned in my dispatches that these agitations were not without danger. But one must measure their importance in relation to the democratic forces. The Hungarian press of these historic days presents an irrefutable witness of the insurgents' determination to fight both the Stalinists and the Fascist danger." In the same article he asks, "Wasn't it the 'Fascist danger' which necessitated the Soviet armed intervention of November 4?" He answers, "*On the contrary:* without that intervention—which all anti-Fascist fighters opposed—the democratic forces would have rapidly reduced to nothing the Fascists or reactionary agitators." Independently, Peter Fryer traced rumours of an American-armed emigré force, and finding them baseless, remarked, "The danger of a counter-revolution is not the same as its victory." Most correspondents have pointed out that rebel border guards stopped all entrants, searched them for arms, and turned back all dangerous intervention. Ferenc Nagy, the former Smallholders' leader, now president of an emigré group, flew from New York only to be repulsed at the frontier. And foreign arms? Marian Bielicki, the Polish Communist, cate-

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gorically denies them. "The weapons with which the insurgents fought came from the armouries of the military."

And the white terror? There was none. Of course, and rightly, Communist bookshops were burned. Of course, the A.V.O. were lynched. Woroszylski describes the mistakes, the killings of innocents, as at most "sporadic." Bruce Renton and Basil Davidson have both pointed out that the mass reaction was against the secret police, not Communists as such, and that it was virulent only in the early days, before order was established and maintained by Colonel Maleter's forces. This in the provinces. Peter Fryer writes, "How many innocent Communists were killed in Budapest? Twenty? Fifty? I don't know. But certainly less—many less—than the members of the A.V.O. who were lynched."

Mr. Mendelson's rage for purity appears again in his hurt comparison of Mindszenty and Cardinal Wyszinski of Poland. He notes that the Polish Primate has won valuable concessions for his Church, and implies at least that Mindszenty is neither so statesmanlike, so constructive, nor so nice. This shocked tone of Mr. Mendelson's defies explanation. But I have shown above that Mindszenty's circle, despite his personal appeal as a martyr to the Rakosi tyranny, could enlist no support for their politics. If Mr. Mendelson had read the speech of November 3 in full, he would have seen what mattered, that individually Mindszenty did not even venture serious opposition to the Nagy government. May I quote *France-Observateur* once again, and cite is publication of the substance of the text? "The famous declaration of the Cardinal on November 3 over Budapest Radio responded to a desire of the Nagy government, who wanted to see the Church favour a return to calm and the normalisation of public life. The Cardinal's remarks, without doubt, went beyond the limits of such an appeal, but they do not justify the subversive characterisation which the Soviet press gave them, by detaching some phrases from their context."

Two last points. One, in direct contradiction of Mr. Mendelson's claim that the Nagy government was toppling on November 3 and 4, we find the clear testimony of the Polish Communist journalists, representatives of *Zycie Warsawy*, of *Nowa Kultura*, of *Trybuna Ludu*, of Polish Radio. They spread throughout the provinces, then returned to meet in Budapest on November 3. Writes Woroszylski in his journal for that day, of those who had been in other regions than he: "Their impressions are the same as ours: stabilisation is beginning in the country, the government is becoming a real government, sustained by all the revolutionary forces." Second, we have Mr. Mendelson's assertion that the Soviet leadership welcome a Gomulkist regime in Hungary. If Mr. Marosan's recent announcements do not adequately disprove that, let us examine the Hungarian situation itself. Was there any base for a Gomulkist government? That is, for a national Communist government led by an unblemished figure of wide appeal, popularly supported? Woroszylski quotes a conversation on October 31 with Professor György Lukacs, surely the most intellectually respectable of East European Marxists. "The new party cannot count on a rapid success. Communism is totally compromised in Hungary. What will fuse around the party will probably be small groups of progressive intellectuals, of writers, of young people. The working class will follow rather the Social Democrats. In free elections, the Communists might obtain five, at maximum ten per cent. of the vote. It is possible that they will not be part of the government, that they will pass over into opposition." Thus, the Gomulkist regime Mr. Mendelson predicates is impossible as a permanent feature, or feasible only against the will of the people. But that does not mean that Hungary was unwilling to accept the Nagy-Tildy government as a provisional order, nor does it mean that the temper of the masses was in any sense right-wing.

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THE NEW MORALITY

SIR,—The more I pondered Jacquetta Hawkes' article on "A New Morality" the more baffled I became. What is the new morality to be? "It is a morality based on the belief that heightened experience, extended and intensified consciousness are the proper part of man." But consciousness and experience of what? Of God? Of man? Of the material universe? Of machines?

The first can be ruled out, for Miss Hawkes is evidently a non-believer. And she is suspicious of machines, for she talks of "the sub-intellectual level of our busy mechanical existence." Probably she would allow the material universe joined with man in his relationship with it and with himself.

But civilisation always has been concerned with these, so what is new in Miss Hawkes' proposal? Only that in no serious sense does she propose to include God. God, one gathers, is to be tolerated as a sort of marginal hypothesis preferred by some.

But Miss Hawkes asserts that "one aspect of the new morality would be to support the positive qualities of life instead of an over-emphasis on restraint." This refers to sexual relations which, Miss Hawkes tell us, are "a matter of ordinary behaviour and decency between human beings." So they are, but so far this is surely very meagre? I prefer the puritans, who at least make sex important by damning it.

What is depressing is that Miss Hawkes, while condemning negatives and advocating positives, herself produces only negatives. She wants it to be a crime to "spoil the countryside, ruin beautiful cities or add to the squalor of industrial cities." How one agrees! But where does this get one? To Scandinavia. Scandinavians have exceptionally high suicide rates, I believe, but Miss Hawkes is ready here with "richer sensuous and mental life of the individual." We are back where we started.

Miss Hawkes doesn't like the churches, no doubt with reason. But as producers of positives I prefer them to this specimen of liberalism.

CHRISTOPHER GILLIE

Cambridge.

SIR,—The article of Jacquetta Hawkes must leave some at least of your readers wondering. Granted that her strictures on modern society are justified—and I for one think they are—how can she hope that the mass of people, the victims of modern propaganda, ever more efficient, directed for commercial or political ends, will, without any definite credal assurance, turn from the seductive attractions of the many forms of secular hedonism?

The remarkable fact is that the principles of her desired "positive morality" were laid down by the thinkers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The denunciation of avarice and usury, the insistence on free will (a notion attacked, it is true, by the Protestants) and the relegation of lust, the sin of sex, and concupiscence to its proper place among the other mortal sins is in accordance with all the desiderata of Jacquetta Hawkes.

What is lacking in her humanism, based upon a contingent world, is that recognition of God as Pure Being, the author of all our creaturely existence and sustainer of all the virtures and values which alone gives reality to our aspirations. Moreover, it must never be overlooked that the whole influence of the Catholic faith was then, and is now, in the acceptance of personal immortality, an emphasis of the ultimate importance of individual personality, seeing it is taught that human souls can hope, ultimately, after purgation, to live with God in that state of perfection which we call the Beatific Vision. This belief gives to the "positive morality" rightly sought by humanists, an intellectual as well as an emotional foundation. It is not the fact, as her article states, that Catholicism "discourages thought," or seeks "the safe harbour of Faith." This may be true of some Protestant or evasive modernist sects, but is emphatically not true of those members of Holy Church who share the intellectual traditions of St. Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventura or Duns Scotus, not to mention such thinkers as Maritain or Gilson in our own time. As Belloc has said, the Catholic faith makes sense of life, to believe this is not to cease from mental fight but to find a foundation on which to base our morals and our ratiocination.

The Brake,
Postbridge, Devon. HENRY SLESSER

POLITICAL DISCRIMINATION

SIR,—Several points in the letter of December 29 on political discrimination from "University Lecturer" greatly surprise me.

First, if I were, as it appears that he is, a Communist should I not regard the authorities of British universities as acting with contemptible folly in appointing any Communist teachers at all? Should I not regard their talk of academic freedom as mere sentimental, "liberal" rubbish? And if so could I consistently complain that their conduct seemed to me "inconsistent with the British concept of academic freedom"?

Second, still on the supposition that I were a Communist, should I speak of Communism as if it were an embarrassing disease or disability, of such a sort that it would be wrong for others to "disclose" that I had it, and intolerable for myself to be questioned on the subject directly?

Third, is it not an understatement to say that teachers in British universities enjoy a "considerable degree of freedom" to say what they choose?

Finally, may there not be some fields of academic idy in which the expression "Marxist scholar," if not actually a contradiction, calls for some explanation? And if so, might not this be a reason, or part of the reason, why Marxist scholars do not always obtain the posts they apply for?

MARY WARNOCK

St. Hugh's College,
Oxford.

THE MYSTERIOUS S.A.

SIR,—There are a number of statements in Miss Engle's article which should not be allowed to go uncorrected. It is not true that Sarah Aaronson and the Nili group have "somehow remained out of the history books," since there are in fact two works in Hebrew on the subject which contain the facts mentioned by your correspondent. Their titles, roughly

translated, are as follows: *Sara, Nili Heroine*, by Y. Yaari (Ishim Umorot Press, Tel-Aviv, 1941); *Sara, Flame of Nili*, by "Simple Soldier" (Achiassaf Press, Jerusalem, 1943). References in English can also be found in Menachem Beigin's *The Revolt* and Israel Cohen's *A Short History of Zionism*.

Nor does the story of the connection with T. E. Lawrence "pop up in the British press from time to time, always with more exotic embellishments." What *precise* identification of Sarah Aaronson with "S.A." has been made other than one which appeared during 1955 in the magazine *Housewife*?

The identification is not so absurd as your correspondent claims. Sarah Aaronson spent two months in Cairo in 1917 with her brother Aron, being instructed in new codes by intelligence officers. She returned to Athlit *via* Cyprus on July 17 of that year, and may quite well have encountered Lawrence briefly on his return from Akaba. He himself, as his doctor, Ricketts, told Mrs. Eric Kennington, was desperate when he heard of her death.

The contact made in Cairo by Aron Aaronson was most probably with D. G. Hogarth, then a naval officer. Woolley, whom your correspondent wrongly equates with this naval officer, was in fact an officer in the artillery.

Your correspondent mentions the "humiliating" need of the Nili group to account for expenditure to British H.Q. in Cairo. May this not have been a very justifiable precaution, a measure of control upon the group whose purpose was not simply espionage for Allenby but also originally (Aaronson's *Gideonites*) the starting of an armed revolt against Turkey, supported by British arms, with a nucleus in the old Crusader ruin near Athlit? Lawrence, incidentally, passed through Athlit, near Sarah's settlement of Zikhron Yaakov, in 1909.

LOUIS ALLEN

Dun Cow Cottage,
Durham.

DEATH OF A HERO

SIR,—As Olga Davenport pointed out, I'm not Coleridge. And I have little respect for her kind of reading of the "truth"—a fact which, for my sake, she publicly regrets. Her heart is broken by a report by K. S. Karol, the accuracy of part of which has now been seriously questioned. As a result, has Olga Davenport's heart mended a little, or does she want it to remain broken?

I do not want to be callous and I respect those who can be moved by the use of their imagination. But the ignorant and irrelevant exhibitionism, that has recently distorted debate after debate amongst the so-called intelligentsia here, is depressing indeed.

I originally wrote about a specific painting and its artist's politics. Now Truth, Christianity, Suez, Budapest and my soul have all been dragged in with as little respect for accuracy as the passage of Golding's that first provoked me into writing.

I did *not* deny that a red drape could be a Communist symbol. I denied that this painting contained conventional (in the derogatory sense of the word) symbols (plural). Nobody has yet proved me wrong. I also said it was vain to hope that Guttuso would leave the Communist Party. Since then he has publicly confirmed this. In other words, I wrote about what I *knew*; and that seems to me to be the first rule for a writer who really respects the truth.

As for Toynbee, it is easy to see why he finds the word "objective" discourteous. There is an arguable case to be made against certain aspects of Soviet policy (it has been well argued long since by men ranging from Gomulka to Deutscher), but Toynbee, like all professional anti-Communists, is the victim of an obsession. He merely uses my letter as a pretext for asking three questions, whose trap (Softee, Softee, Catchee Red) is so childish that it is not worth considering as such. Hence, my straight answers are (1) No, (2) No, (3) No. If Toynbee now wants fuller information about my views, I suggest he subscribes to the publications of the Communist parties, to whom my own political allegiance remains unbroken, and where if I have anything further to say, I will say it.

JOHN BERGER

Newland, Glos.

HOMEWORK

SIR,—Critic is wrong to generalise in his remarks on conditions of industrial homework.

The costume jewellery manufacturing company of which I am manager employs a considerable number of homeworkers, but for many years these have been paid on the same piece-work basis as regular factory workers on similar work.

Our out-workers can often earn as much as 3s. to 4s. per hour depending on skill and experience, so that the question of sweated labour hardly arises in our case. Indeed, it would be very difficult for us to find suitable workers at lower rates.

Furthermore the local Council is very conscientious in requesting lists of out-workers, and frequent inspections are made of out-workers' premises to ensure satisfactory working conditions.

EDWARD ADLER

Corocraft (Manufacturers), Limited,
London, N.W.1.

FABIAN ORGANISATION

SIR,—Members of the Fabian Society who have read the report of the committee set up at the annual general meeting of 1955 to examine the Society's administration will recall that the committee failed to reach a unanimous view on a number of important points, and that in each of these cases different members of the committee offered different recommendations.

At the annual general meeting held on November 24 it was impossible, because of shortage of time and the weight of other business and some confusion about procedure, for the meeting to discuss, and to choose between, these conflicting recommendations. Because, in common with some other members who were present, I believe that these matters ought not to wait a whole year before being further considered, I sought to move that the executive should convene a special general meeting, but the chairman ruled this motion out of order without giving any reasons, notwithstanding that the rules of the society specifically provide for the acceptance of emergency resolutions at the annual general meeting.

The Society's rule 6, however, specifies that a special general meeting may be requisitioned by 5 per cent. of the members. I shall be grateful if members of the Society who believe these matters should be discussed further would assist in requisitioning such a meeting, and would send to me (at the House of Commons, S.W.1.) a letter addressed to the general secretary of the Society requesting a special general meeting to consider resolutions and other matters arising out of the report of the committee of inquiry.

IAN MIKARDO

House of Commons.

COMIC AND CURIOUS

SIR,—Your reviewer displays a most woeful ignorance about Christian Morgenstern. I had always thought that the "Galgenlieder" were familiar to every student of comic verse, but that his other works have made no impression seems surprising. In any case he was not an Austrian by birth, as he was born in Munich on May 6, 1871, and died at Merano on March 31, 1914.

North Kessock, JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE
Ross-shire.

SNOWDONIA

SIR,—In his interesting review of Professor Gwyn Williams' "Burning Tree" on December 29, Mr. Robert Graves says that the name "Snowdonia" was invented in 1905. It is older than that. In 1230, Llywelyn the Great, in a letter, styles himself "dominus snauedoniae." In 1586 the original edition of Camden's "Britannia" has the form "snaudonia"; and in 1778 Pennant in his "Tours" finally popularised the name.

It is of perfectly respectable antiquity.

Gwaen Deg, E. C. JONES
Bangor, Caerns.

OTARD

The only Brandy bottled at the Château de Cognac

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Roman Scenario

ROBERT GRAVES is the Adult Phenomenon of contemporary letters. Year after year the English literary industry creaks on, its plant outworn, its techniques obsolete, its personnel laid off or working to rule, lured towards TV, advertising or daily journalism. Creative production becomes ever more exiguous, criticism more and more introspective and charged with personalities, our stock of general ideas remains consistently provincial and divorced from the main stream. Meanwhile there sits Mr. Graves in faraway Mallorca, the canny old ironmaster in his trim foundry, up to his ears in orders of every kind. Like his fellow *maître de forge* at Ferney, his smooth conveyor-belt pours forth a catholic selection of goods—poems, fiction, criticism, Biblical eccentricities and sprightly translations. His latest achievement—a mere *bonne bouche* between restoring the Nazarene Gospel and writing another novel?—has been to translate Lucan's *Pharsalia* for the Penguin Classics*. Such energy is Olympian. It has the ring of Vulcan's forge about it. No writer since Belloc has attained the same range and output with the same perfection of craftsmanship.

Until Graves's Penguin appeared, it is safe to say that none but schoolboys and classical scholars read the *Pharsalia*. In translation, Marlowe is sublime but contorted, Rowe deficient of all pace and spirit, while J. D. Duff in the Loeb is almost unreadable and H. T. Riley's crib in Bohn's Library is entirely so. Since Dr. Johnson praised the poet for his "ambitious morality and pointed sentences, comprised in vigorous and animated lines," Lucan has exercised no literary influence. True, he has contributed to the Roman games of classical scholarship since he is responsible for A. E. Housman's most sweeping and classic comminations. In the introduction to his critical edition of the poet (1926), Housman's spleen surpassed itself. "I touch," he wrote,

> . . . with reluctance, as Gibbon might say, and dispatch with impatience an idle yet portentous game in which Lucan's less serious critics find amusement, and which they call *Ueberlieferungsgeschichte* because that is a longer and a nobler name than fudge. . . .
>
> For the emendation of Lucan, Bentley did much more than anyone else, but less than he ought to have done. The characteristic which Napoleon so much admired in Turenne, that he grew bolder as he grew older, was not for Bentley a fortunate endowment. His judgment ripened early and reached perfection before he was 40; from that time onward the vices of his temper began to invade his intellect, and confidence usurped the place of consideration.

At first sight Lucan's epic of the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey seems the most unpromising subject for translation. His style is grossly rhetorical and bombastic, his vocabulary repetitive, his similes laboured, his narrative patchy and episodic, his geography and astronomy putrid and his actual history largely false both in fact and in interpretation. He is sardonic and malicious, a true *esprit malin*, and he has a powerful streak of sadism in his make-up, which manages to be both repellent and fatuous at the same time. His battlescapes, whether on land or sea, are ludicrous, and the "ambitious morality" that Dr. Johnson so admired is tacked on to the various incidents in a wretchedly haphazard fashion, suggestive of his Uncle Seneca. He writes with odious smugness of the starving Pompeian soldiers who capitulated in Spain, that

> eventually they recovered their strength, and gourmets may learn from this incident that Nature is easily satisfied; to keep alive costs very little. There is no need for luxurious eating and drinking . . . ransacking the ends of the earth in search of extravagant delicacies. These Pompeians were not resuscitated by famous vintage wines, bottled during some long-forgotten consulship and served in gold or myrrhine ware: it was plain water that saved them. Spring water and bread are quite sufficient to preserve the life of man.

On this Mr. Graves comments acidly: "I suspect that this passage was salvaged from an early rhetorical exercise written by Lucan for his tutor, the Stoic philosopher."

Only Graves's vivid, racy and outrageously free translation could make these dry bones live. He has annotated copiously, correcting Lucan's historical and geographical howlers and bringing "up into the text what most translators either leave to the reader's historical apprehension or supply in footnote form." He has also written a long and brilliant essay in which he introduces Lucan to the general reader as the father of yellow journalism and the ancestor of Wardour Street. "If lopped of all digressive rhodomontade, the *Civil Wars* is a script which could be put almost straight on the floor. It consists of carefully chosen, cunningly varied, brutally sensational scenes, linked by a tenuous thread of historical probability; and alternated with soft interludes in which deathless courage, supreme self-sacrifice, memorable piety, Stoic virtue, and wifely devotion are expected to win favour from the great sentimental box-office public."

Above all, Graves has brought Lucan himself to life as an extraordinary complex and strangely contemporary human being. Like so many of the Silver Age writers, Marcus Annaeus Lucanus was a Spaniard, born at Cordoba in A.D. 39. From the first he seems to have been a golden boy, the hero-with-a-flaw out of some Roman Scott Fitzgerald novel. One uncle was Nero's tutor—a pillar of the Stoa who nevertheless managed to salt away £4,000,000 in gold "by most questionable means"; another was the amiable Gallio, proconsul of Achaia and protector of St. Paul, who sent the Corinthian synagogue to the right-about in *Acts xviii*. Lucan received a tip-top education at Rome and Athens, made a Zelda Fitzgerald marriage to Polla Argentaria ("whom he loved dearly and who had youth, beauty, wealth, virtue and intellect to commend her") and became a fashionable young *littérateur*. He also became the intimate of Nero, two years his junior. The Emperor heaped favours on his friend. He gave him a quaestorship when the poet was still below legal age for holding office, and he appointed him to the select College of Augurs. After this things began to go awry. When the audience at a verse contest applauded Lucan's poem "somewhat too enthusiastically," Nero is said to have grown jealous. He ruined a public recitation of Lucan's by calling a meeting of the Senate in the middle of it and making a well-timed exit. Hate made the poet reckless. "He afterwards," said Suetonius, "did not refrain from words and acts of hostility to the prince, which are still notorious." Once, after relieving himself explosively in a public privy, he shouted a half-line of Nero's—"*Sub terris tonuisse putes*"—so loudly that "those who were there for the same purpose took to their heels." Lucan was in the thick of Piso's conspiracy in A.D. 65. When the plot was uncovered, his nerve failed and he "was easily compelled to make a confession." It is said that he accused his own mother of complicity, though Professor Getty of Toronto and a number of other scholars think this a slander†. Nero allowed him to choose his own means of death and, after he had eaten a huge meal, a physician slit the arteries in his wrists. He died aged 26, in the same year as his fellow-suicide Petronius, the courtier-dandy who parodied him with such exquisite cruelty in the *Satyricon*.

"One must flee away," commented Petronius cuttingly, "from all diction that is, so to speak, cheap, and choose words divorced from popular use." To him Lucan must have seemed an angry young man in a hurry, bent on dethroning Virgil and sounding a new clangorous note—the note of the younger generation—in place of Virgilian craftsmanship. It was the old battle of literary generations; indeed, Mr. Graves compares Lucan's revolt to the spirit in which Pound, Eliot and T. E. Hulme rebelled 40 years ago "against the Virgilian tradition of Tennyson, Longfellow, William Morris and others." Lucan's "un-Virgilian rhetoric," he writes, "and all the modernist traits mentioned above—impatience with craftsmanship, digressive irrelevancies, emphasis on the macabre, lack of religious conviction, turgid hyperbole, inconsistency, appeal to violence and occasional flashes of real brilliance—have been rediscovered by this new, disagreeable world." Realising that he was incapable of tackling Virgil on his own ground—Mr. Graves suspects that he disguised his jealousy by representing the latter as "an effeminate old toady"—Lucan appears to have decided to "launch a modernist movement which would confine the *Aeneid* to the schoolroom, where it was obviously due to last as long as the Latin language itself."

Lucan not only has his epigrams and flashes of brilliance; he has his moments of real beauty also:—

> *. . . tum fragor armorum, magnaeque per avia voces*
> *auditae nemorum et venientes comminus umbrae*

* *Lucan: Pharsalia.* A new translation by ROBERT GRAVES. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

† *Lucan: De Bello Civili: Liber I.* Edited by R. J. GETTY. *Cambridge.* 7*s.*

‡ *Caesar: The Alexandrian, African and Spanish Wars.* Edited by A. S. WAY. *Loeb Classical Library: Heinemann.* 15*s.*

§ *Daily Life in Ancient Rome.* By JÉRÔME CARCOPINO. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

have an onomatopoeia that Tennyson might have envied. Yet there are no breathing-spaces in the poem. All is alarum and excursion, marches and counter-marches, cairns of corpses, waves two thousand feet high, a hellbrew of serpents, auguries and witchcraft. One has the impression that this confused and daring young man who cheerfully sacrificed history, geography, astronomy and every other sort of objective truth to fill a dactyl, lacked all sense of reality. His Caesar is a grimacing braggart, a mere whipping-boy for Nero himself, a gangster wholly at odds with the original. It is strange to compare the long windy speeches that Lucan puts into his mouth with the terse, laconic account that the great commander himself gave of his mopping-up operations‡, with its bald recitals of slaughter and its clinching, pincer-movement ablative absolutes—"*Pharnace superato, Africa recepta. . . .*"

Why do we read Lucan? The question admits of several answers. At Professor Getty's level there is his *espagnolisme*, his influence on Corneille, his illustration of all the tropes and figures listed in Quintilian—synecdoche, antonomasia, metalepsis and hyperbaton, the zeugma, the asyndeton, the "accusative of respect." For Graves, who admits his dislike, it is "because the book is a historical phenomenon that cannot be argued away, and because like other prodigiously vital writers with hysterical tendencies—Rudyard Kipling is a convenient instance—Lucan exerts a strange fascination on even the reluctant reader."

For myself, it is because Lucan contains the essence of what Dryden calls the "smoke and wealth and fire of Rome"—its cruelty, its credulity, its garrulous and indestructible sense of power. Modern scholars like M. Carcopino have reconstructed the shell of Rome§, the toppling tenement houses and teeming carriageways, the stench and the street games, the noise and the people, but Lucan gives us the very soul of Rome, the stone-dead heart of paganism. "It is most false to say that the Gods rule this world," he cries with gloating misanthropy. If we were ignorant of the context, we might believe we were listening to St. Augustine, treading the despair of Olympus down under his feet and proclaiming the mercies of the City of God.

JOHN RAYMOND

Parting

Once they were mirrors, and loved each other's images
Unwinding on precariously through time:
But now, the mirror empty, pantomime
Postponed, how do they love? What are the stages?

Why, they've cheated time. He shall not see
The dark hand laid on her, nor she that fight
When he betray his eyes into the light.
They're spared, to consummate high tragedy.

Never can they be compelled to view
The cruelty of their last antagonist,
Enveloping a face the mirror kissed
In darkness deep as the blind love they knew.

Each, in assuming the other's agony,
Has driven the terror of death forever away.

J. F. HENDRY

Bread, Freedom & Peace

The New Dimensions of Peace. By CHESTER BOWLES. *Bodley Head.* 25*s.*

Africa's Challenge to America. By CHESTER BOWLES. *Cambridge : California.* 21*s.*

American Politics in a Revolutionary World. By CHESTER BOWLES. *Oxford.* 15*s.*

Before the Suez crisis it was still possible to dismiss Mr. Chester Bowles as a brilliant Ambassador to India who had never recovered from the insidious effects of Nehru. In that vanished epoch, it seemed obvious to anyone except a rabid Socialist that, if the *pax americana* was to take the place of the *pax britannica*, the kind of uncompromising anti-colonialism to which Mr. Bowles clings was as out of date as American neutrality. The doctrine, for instance, that coloured peoples, as well as white colonists, have the right of revolution against an oppressive government was all very well in the time of Jefferson, or even of Lincoln, when America had not the power or the will to enforce it. But Woodrow Wilson had discovered to his cost what happens to a high-minded American who tries to base an actual peace settlement on the principles of the Declaration of Independence; and even F.D.R. had to swallow a reminder from London that the Atlantic Charter did not apply to colonial peoples.

Since then, under the exigencies of the cold war, successive American Secretaries of State have treated the British and French colonial empires not as violations of the rights of man, which must be liquidated as soon as possible, but as bastions of the free world, to be defended against Communism. True, this American support for European colonialism largely nullified the good effects of American aid and made the United States the best-hated world power throughout Asia and Africa. But when Chester Bowles pointed this out and suggested that the cold war could only be won if the United States could find a way of reverting to its traditional hostility to colonial rule without destroying NATO, he got no support either among the politicians on Capitol Hill or in the State Department.

The promulgation of the Eisenhower doctrine has changed all that, and the Chester Bowles corpus may well become compulsory reading not only in the State Department but in the Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office. *The New Dimensions of Peace* is the centre panel of this triptych and it is flanked by two sets of lectures, one applying the doctrine specifically to the African colonies and the other setting it in the perspective of American domestic policy.

If I have used grandiloquent language in describing Mr. Bowles's writings, it is because they themselves are grandiose. Mr. Bowles not only furnishes the American people with a full-scale programme for a World Fair Deal, but derives the principles of this programme from the American tradition. This he sees personified first in Jefferson ("The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure"); then in Lincoln ("The revolutionary right to abolish and overthrow the existing government is a most sacred right, a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world"); and finally in Roosevelt (the Four Freedoms). Mr. Bowles shows how, under each of these leaders, American democracy took an immense and perilous leap forward, dragging after it the respectable opponents of revolutionary change—who in due course accepted the leap as an essential part of the American tradition. Now, in Bowles's view, the fourth leap forward is required—from a national New Deal to "a world-wide democratic revolution for bread, freedom and peace."

So much for the broad ideological framework. But what of Mr. Bowles's specific proposals? I need not resume them here, since they are all too familiar to anyone who has read Mr. Harold Wilson's *War on Want*, heard Mr. Gaitskell on

The new American Navy best-seller is coming on Jan. 14 from the publishers of *The 'Caine' Mutiny*

Don't Go Near the Water

a satire on the Public Relations War in the South Pacific by

WILLIAM BRINKLEY

Read how the PRO's were thrown on their beam ends 'the Day the Bomb fell':

The greatest concentration of officers Shoemaker had seen outside the bar was waiting outside Nash's office. Soon Nash sent word out to Lieutenant (jg) Calvert Brownell to herd them in. Brownell looked pretty grim.

'All right, gentlemen,' he said. 'The Commander's ready.'

The officers walked in to find the executive officer playing with his sextant. The higher ranks, the lieutenant commanders and lieutenants, took seats and the jgs and ensigns stood. Some sat on the floor.

'Sailors,' said the exec, when the officers were settled, 'something called nuclear fission, whatever that is, has just rammed the Navy below the belt. You've all read the announcement by now. There'll be press conferences later by the admirals to place this thing in its proper perspective. Meantime let's don't let this incident throw us. Don't let it let us lose the public-relations war after all our months and years of work. I've been trying to get details on this newfangled thing. Can't find out a thing about it! Fantastic secrecy! Typical of how the Air Force doesn't trust its sister service. The meatheads,' he muttered.

The exec gazed sombrely at the 'Don't Give Up The Ship!' legend on the wall dead ahead of him.

'We've got to use a little imagination here,' he said, 'to counteract whatever it is.'

The exec, cocking his crossed feet on his desk, commenced to sight on his 'Golden Dragon' diploma with his sextant. 'All right, Sailors,' he said. 'Let's look alive. My hatch is open for ideas.'

'We could lay on a bombardment and carrier raid on Tokyo and adjacent cities,' suggested Lieutenant Commander Wayne Hereford, 'to counteract this thing.'

'Heavens, Wayne,' the exec said irritably, 'we've been doing that for months. Let's try to be a little original.'

'Yes, sir,' Lieutenant Commander Hereford said humbly.

'I don't guess the whole thing is a gag, is it?' Lieutenant Commander Arnold Gladney said.

16s. net JONATHAN CAPE

SUNFED or studied Mr. Bevan's speeches and writings on colonial affairs. These three American books, in fact, resume with a very American vigour the British Labour Party's case for (i) winning the non-committed nations by appreciating the lessons of Bandung and ending the last taint of colonialism, and (ii) relegating military defence to a secondary role and giving economic aid to under-developed territories top priority. Even on the issue of private investment in colonial areas, Mr. Bowles warmly supports the Socialist line, recognising that the role of the American capitalist will be a minor one and showing himself unafraid of the stress on State activity in India's new Five Year Plan. He also echoes Mr. Bevan in the chapters where he shows that the balance of world power will depend on the outcome of the peaceful competition between India's democratic revolution and China's Communist revolution.

Mr. Bowles, of course, has his blind spots. On the exclusion of Communist China from the United Nations he tamely conforms, and on the Middle East he is so amiably ignorant that he can describe Nasser as a "democratically minded ruler" and relegate the problem of Israel to a single sentence. Even on India, which he knows, he is content to sketch the grand ideological design in the stereotypes and clichés out of which speeches can be written which go down well right across the United States. As a practical man, with a humane desire to improve living standards, he apparently believes that there must be a solution to every problem and so sees the Orient through those Anglo-Saxon lenses which give a sharp, pragmatic outline to objects which are really blurred, and make plain sense out of uncommunicable mysteries.

It would not be difficult to make fun of Mr. Bowles—in particular of his attempt to give us the low-down on each colony in Africa in a couple of paragraphs. But I found it a useful and humbling experience to see the Labour Party's colonial policy magnified and simplified in this American mirror. We are inclined to assume that it is only Socialists who believe in complete equality for colonial peoples. We forget that the American liberal still feels himself a natural enemy of George III and, when he connives at European colonialism, does so against the national grain.

That is why Mr. Eisenhower—the apotheosis of the average American—heaved a high of relief when Sir Anthony and M. Mollet gave him the opportunity to denounce their aggression. At last he could express his natural feelings about colonialism; and if those feelings involved an element of hypocrisy, that will cause no surprise to anyone acquainted with the workings of the Anglo-Saxon conscience on this side of the Atlantic.

I can assure the regular reader of the NEW STATESMAN, therefore, that he will have all his prejudices comfortably confirmed by reading Mr. Bowles. He will learn nothing new about the colonial problem—and little new about the United States. But he will get a useful reminder that the Americans are by tradition a revolutionary people, among whom the Tory is an eccentric and the kind of Conservatism which finds hidden virtues in colonialism a minority view, confined for the most part to Anglophile generals. Now that Ike has been safely re-elected, Chester Bowles has a sporting chance of persuading his countrymen that the "world-wide democratic revolution for bread, freedom and peace" is the best method of making the world safe for American democracy.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Good-bye to Uncle Tom
J. C. FURNAS

Fascinating and scholarly history of the advance of the American Negro from slavery to contemporafy freedom. This striking adventure story finally dissipates the sentimental myth created by Harriet Beecher Stowe in her classic *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Jan. 21 30*s*.

The Frightened Giant
CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Arrested, imprisoned without trial, finally deported, Cedric Belfrage's vivid personal account of his experiences indicts the persecuting minority who have sullied America's good name but have not shaken his faith in the destiny of a great people.

Jan. 28 18*s*.

D. J. ENRIGHT
Heaven Knows Where

A witty sequel to his comic masterpiece *Academic Year* in which his hero Packet visits a Utopian South Sea Island with extraordinary results.

Jan. 21 16*s*.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Baby Doll

The script of the film now showing at the London Pavilion. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Secker & Warburg

Marie Antoinette and the Lady Dons

The Ghosts of Versailles. By LUCILLE IREMONGER. *Faber*. 21*s*.

It is hardly surprising that the ghost story round which this book has been written is one of the most famous and widely credited in the world. Never before had two responsible witnesses seriously claimed that they had strolled back into the eighteenth century and encountered eight apparitions whom subsequent research had enabled them to identify as Marie Antoinette and certain of her courtiers and servants. That *An Adventure* was, on its publication in 1911, so promptly and generally accepted as a true narrative can only be explained by the awe (if not admiration) with which lady dons were regarded, for although the true names of the authors were not published until 1924 it was known from the start that they were women of some academic status. There has always, however, been much scepticism about the story among experts in psychical research, and Mrs. Iremonger's critical examination is strangely overdue.

The life-stories of the two authors, Charlotte Annie Moberly and Eleanor Frances Jourdain, most perceptively and amusingly told by Mrs. Iremonger, could make good reading, even if they had never seen Versailles, on account of the light they throw on the position of women in Victorian England. Annie Moberly, the elder by 20 years, was one of the fifteen children of a famous but unpopular luminary of the Anglican Church who became Bishop of Salisbury. She had received no formal education but the fact that she had acted as nurse-secretary to her father for many years was enough to qualify her as Principal of the newly established St. Hugh's College, Oxford. In spite of her grim, high-handed manners she made a considerable success of the job. It would be unjust to fault her for bullying her students and keeping them under school-room discipline for that was precisely what she had been appointed to do. (At that date and for long after it was thought to be the only way of controlling women *en masse*; nurses were treated even worse.) This tyrannical and rigidly conventional lady showed some oddly romantic traits. She entertained an unfounded phantasy that she was descended from an illegitimate daughter of Peter the Great, she loved to tell ghost stories, and had psychic dreams. Eleanor Jourdain was even more inclined to claim psychic powers and also came of a long clerical family; otherwise the two women had little in common. Contemporary evidence about the character of this superficially charming and gifted woman is curiously disconcerting. Even during her years as Vice-Principal of St. Hugh's her influence on the students was a source of emotional strain. (Anxious parents, and pedantic governors, would indeed have been horrified if they had realised the stresses to which their innocent charges were exposed; it might even have been wiser to let them have tea with male undergraduates. . . .) When, in 1915, she became Principal her rule was so capricious and unscrupulous that a breakdown may be suspected and in 1924 her outraged staff and students forced a Chancellor's inquiry. Only her sudden death from coronary disease immediately after the report was published saved her from a forced resignation. One of the important facts which emerges from Mrs. Iremonger's study is that throughout the entire period when the two women were experiencing hallucinations or engaged in research on their adventure, Miss Jourdain was entirely dependent on Miss Moberly for success in her academic career. It was a situation in which a truly independent opinion was unlikely to be obtained from either party.

Any critical study of this famous joint-hallucination must be badly hampered by the extremely odd way in which it was recorded and presented to the public. That Miss Moberly was no scholar and Miss Jourdain a pretentious but incompetent one (as her other writings show) can hardly account for the chaos one finds in the five editions printed between 1911 and 1955, all differing from each other in material particulars. It early emerged that the two friends had made no comment even to each other about any abnormality in their experience for a *week after the visit*, and that the first accounts were only written after three months had elapsed. Although so much turns on identification of details in the layout of the gardens, Miss Jourdain did not revisit them for 16 months and Miss Moberly not for two and a half years! No proper maps or itinerary of the route the ladies alleged they had taken were published except in the 2nd edition (1913) and far from supporting the original narratives, they appear to Mrs. Iremonger, and to this reviewer, to damage them seriously. The suggestion that the story was being ingeniously tinkered with to fit the facts which came to light in the researches is irresistible. The only detail strengthened by new discoveries is the existence of a "tiny ravine and bridge," not now existing but possibly identifiable in a newly discovered map by Migue, Marie Antoinette's architect. The familiar story of Miss Jourdain hearing a tune which she wrote down and subsequently found in an unpublished and forgotten manuscript of the period, turns out to be a piece of nonsense which only raises doubts of that lady's equipment as a musician.

After a brisk engagement with the formidable secretary of the Society for Psychical Research (their highly comic correspondence is given here for the first time), Miss Moberly recognised she had met her match and refused to discuss matters with them further. But a member of the Society, Mr. Salter, was later to make a most devastating criticism. Five out of the eight apparitions seen had been male: what, he asked, did they wear on their legs? If they wore trousers they were no true *revenants* from 1789. If they wore breeches how came it that neither of the two women made a comment on the fact at the time? Another critic suggests very plausibly that the three men seen in cloaks were artists from Paris, and the two described as gardeners were not the ghosts of the Comte d'Artois' guards, but merely visitors clad in one of the innumerable uniforms of modern France. A further query that occurs to me is whether the women never looked out

of the long French windows when they ultimately reached the Petit Trianon and were being shown round by a guide? Didn't they notice that the Park was different from the eighteenth-century landscape they claim to have been walking about in ten minutes before?

Anyone writing of this "adventure" must remember the powerful popular support it has had, and be prepared to discuss the possibility that the two women did see something out of the normal that August afternoon. What exactly is supposed to have happened? One gathers that at first they claim to have seen the gardens as they were at a fixed point in time in 1789 or thereabouts—possibly during Marie Antoinette's last visit there on 5th October. But this breaks down quickly, for she would not have been sketching (if she ever sketched) in a thin frock on a day in October known from records to be wet and the Comte de Vaudreuil, whom they identified as the cloaked man with an evil scowl, was already an emigré beside the Thames. They compromised vaguely by suggesting that they had jointly entered an "Act of Memory" of the imprisoned Queen, which left them free to conjure up any picture they pleased without fussy restriction of time and place. How far is this claim explicable by current theories of apparitions?

It is unfortunate that ghosts (like geneticists) are becoming more and more incomprehensible to those untrained in the mathematical sciences. Mrs. Iremonger has turned to acknowledged authorities for her explanations of theory, and probably makes as good a job of it as any layman is likely to do. In a note contributed to the fourth edition, J. W. Dunne had rashly assented that "the view of Time, introduced by Einstein in his Theory of Relativity made it logically possible that the ladies should have perceived a garden and buildings as they were in 1789." Professor Broad, asked for comment, makes mincemeat of this theory. The late G. N. M. Tyrrell's well-known theories of apparitions are slightly more helpful in dealing with these rather uncommon cases of joint hallucination but they do make assumptions as yet unsupported by conclusive evidence and leave the cerebral mechanism involved still painfully obscure. The sceptic will begin to wonder if, in view of the undeniable weakness of this case, these speculations are worth the intellectual effort, and then the Dieppe Raid mystery (a case broadcast in 1955) comes along to shame him. Stimulated rather than depressed by the disclosures of this absorbing book we can again face optimistically the unending task of recording, analysing and interpreting the inexplicable happenings of life.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

New Novels

The Ginger Man. By J. P. DONLEAVY. *Neville Spearman.* 15*s.*

Night. By ERICO VERISSIMO. *Arco.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Dread of Burning. By ROSEMARY TIMPERLEY. *Barrie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Les Belles Amours. By LOUISE DE VILMORIN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In *The Ginger Man* a literary idea is put into practice that has occurred, I suppose, to most people who have ever thought of writing a novel. Let the story tell itself, let people's ideas spill out as they actually happen, coarse, verbless and fragmentary, away with the god-like observer and all chunks of expository stage direction. Since *Ulysses*, of course, a good many novels have contained tracts of inchoate self-communing, but usually Joycean interior monologue is used as an additional string on an existing instrument and not as a new instrument altogether. It tends to be reserved for extreme mental states—dreaming, drunkenness, incipient madness and so forth: it is the voice of the unhinged man.

Since Mr. Donleavy's hero is generally unhinged his creator sticks to the technique all the way through and he handles it extremely well. In the first place the effect is remarkably authentic, largely because the flow of thoughts is always provoked by and closely linked to activity—hiding from the landlord, running away from a pub fight, picking a girl up in a park. There is none of that discreet and well-disciplined rhetoric about childhood so often mysteriously released by looking out of the window. Secondly, Mr. Donleavy does not stick to it slavishly but breaks it up with dialogue and bits of necessary description, so that one always knows where one is and who is talking. A lot of the book is very funny, above all the polite seduction of a tweedy spinster lodger, throughout whose satisfyingly absurd development the two participants frigidly address each other as "Mr. Dangerfield" and "Miss Frost." Mr. Dangerfield is an American law student at Trinity College, Dublin, living with his English wife and their child in a conventionally studentish way in dreadful digs full of drying nappies, pawn-tickets, empty beer-bottles, etc. From this lowish point the story begins its precipitate descent. Dangerfield gives up working, sells the moveable equipment of his rented lodgings, drinks everything he can lay his hands on, drives his wife away and finally skips off to London. A couple of heavy-breasted young women (over and above Miss Frost) are knocked over with an ease that defies belief if Ireland is anything like what it is said to be.

One should be grateful that Dangerfield's self-destructiveness and nihilism are not traced back to infancy in full clinical detail but they do need some explanation. He lies, steals, wantonly destroys other people's property, occasionally knocks women and old men around. He also has brief fits of convincing remorse, practical rather than moral, and even occasional outbursts of decent feeling. Despite this tilted balance he is presented as a wholly sympathetic character, adored by the author, the female characters and a rather indistinct collection of drunken Irish thugs who come through with money, refuge and other practical essentials at convenient moments. The general implication is that his behaviour is just what should be expected, which adds up to a sort of undirected whine against the universe. The book has an irrelevant ending and goes on too long. It should stop at Dangerfield's flight from Dublin instead of just petering out.

Senhor Erico Verissimo is described on the dust-jacket of *Night* as one of Brazil's foremost writers. Perhaps he is not or perhaps the writers of Brazil are not terribly good. At any rate, this piece of Brazilian expressionism is not up to much. A man who has lost his memory is wandering about some such place as Sao Paulo at night. In a dockside café he takes up with a Sadistic Hunchback and The Master, a svelte individual with a carnation in his buttonhole and strongly reminiscent of the caddish devil who hounded Enoch Soames. He totters inarticulately in their wake through the night—from a fairground to a casualty-ward, from there to a brothel, winding up finally in bed with a prostitute. This symbolical party is accompanied throughout, at a respectful distance, by a mental defective in a white suit, who does nothing whatever, beyond occasionally playing his mouth-organ, but *stands for* something, the fact, it ultimately appears, that all, in the end, will be well. In the morning the central character, or uncharacter, comes to himself and an explanation of the utmost bathos emerges. As the culmination of a series of events that started from a disastrous wedding-night he has been very rude to his wife. After the thundering allegorical resonance of the earlier this is something of a let-down. It is interesting to compare this artificial presentation of anxiety with the compelling concreteness with which Dangerfield's situation is expounded.

Both *Night* and *The Ginger Man* draw on more or less sophisticated literary resources to explore the interior life of human beings. Miss Rosemary Timperley's *A Dread of Burning* makes use of an absolute minimum of artifice. In fact, it does not read like a novel at all, but more like a report written by an enlightened, thoughtful and humane social worker on a tricky but satisfactorily tidied-up case. It is about a girl, once lively and receptive, who has retreated into herself since her father's accidental death. The narrator is a schoolmistress charged with the task of "drawing the girl out." In the course of this the mistresses' common-room is revealed with its not unreasonably crusted characters, the narrator, for all her blouse and sensible skirt, comes within shouting distance of romance with a dedicated plastic surgeon and sentimental abysses are gruffly sheered away from. It is all very kindly and sensible and forward-looking, like Women's Institutes, and, also like that great organisation, has little to do with literature. The bell-like fluency of the girl, who pours forth a constant flow of clear, grammatical sentences, is destructively inconsistent with the situation she is supposed to be placed in. The author's decent and practical attitude to the world has an undertone of subdued heartiness and some consequent crudeness of sensibility.

Mme de Vilmorin is the Mrs. Exeter of fiction, a displayer of fashionable stuff for the older woman, much as Mlle Sagan is for younger age-groups. *Les Belles Amours*, a book full of genteel cynicism and slightly laboured naughtiness, is fundamentally a piece of upper-class oohla-la. But it is polished and stylish and has the metallic symmetry of a Mozart opera. An elderly South American, irresistible to women, clears off with a young friend's fiancée. The young man, thus prematurely cuckolded, gets his revenge in due time by seducing his former fiancée, but his triumph goes sour on him. The point of this kind of book, in which neither characters nor incidents are to be taken seriously, must be the creation of an atmosphere. Out of some fragmentary intimation in ordinary life it constructs an imaginary world. By this standard the result is rather meagre. Reading *Les Belles Amours* is a very mild pleasure, like eating a bar of milk chocolate when one is not hungry.

ANTHONY QUINTON

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The Maugham Country

Borneo People. By MALCOLM MACDONALD
Cape. 32*s.* 6*d.*

There are still corners of the world where the life of a British Governor-General can be delectable. Sarawak, well ruled by the White Rajahs for a century and now a British possession moving towards self-government, but not too uncomfortably fast, appears to be one of these. And Mr. MacDonald was a Governor of the kind that the new situation there called for. Gay, fervent, unconventional, intelligent in his evasions of official pomp and inhibition, he was warmly sensitive to the ordinary people in Borneo. He knew them in a brotherly rather than a paternal way and travelled among them with affection and in high spirits. The anthropologists have become a powerful and indispensable group in this kind of travel nowadays and where their information is lacking (as it necessarily is in Mr. MacDonald's book), one misses it; but heart, lively observation, the power to draw character and to write narrative spontaneously and well, have not lost their power. Mr. MacDonald's official tours may have put the Dyaks and Ibans on their best behaviour. They may have given the impression that their lives were made up of splendid junkettings; but a Governor who teaches the Ibans in their Long House villages to play blind man's buff, who dances all night with the prettiest girls until floors collapse and who cheerfully tortures his stomach on local alcohols, is obviously not an ordinary official. *Borneo People* is a rich and vivacious book. Underlying it is a serious concern and a laughing sincerity.

There are many races and languages in Sarawak. Behind the people lie the savageries of the pirate period, the "sport" of head-hunting which degenerated into the habit of massacre, the benevolent personal rule of the White Rajahs (the romantic period of the region) and the misery brought by the Japanese. Head-hunting revived under them. One of the Japanese heads obtained (Mr. MacDonald was told) was that of the Director of Artistic Endeavour; but I cannot help thinking that this tale is circulated by enemies of the Third Programme in Sarawak. Ahead of the people of Sarawak are the schools, the beginnings of self-government, democracy and—very difficult for the foreigner—self-consciousness. Mr. MacDonald is fond of the word "sagacious": sagacity he certainly found. Primitive men turn out, over and over again, to be as judicious as ourselves. They are not children; if they have difficulties they are those that arise from the typical modern dilemma: having to regress from maturity on a primitive level into adolescence at a level more advanced. Running through this book is a deeply interesting study of a Chief's family and especially of his pretty youngest daughter called Segura. Mr. MacDonald achieved a friendship with this young girl and her father though he did not speak their language. Everything was happy in this family until the ambitious old chief sent the girl to school. She came back and annoyed the family by covering her breasts and using lipstick. She started to despise the ceremonies, rituals, customs, songs and folk-lore of the Long House—those strange villages that are comparable with modern blocks of flats—and her love-affairs now became clandestine. There were awful rows with her brothers and sisters. We could foresee this: Mr. MacDonald's distinction is to show us the story in its small daily dramas. It all ended fairly happily, after a year or two, in her marriage to a very serious schoolteacher. But not before, in her own person, she had borne a good deal of the agony of the transition from the "simple" life to the adventure of the far more nervous life of the modern world. Of father and daughter Mr. MacDonald has drawn a touching domestic portrait.

Mr. MacDonald has not very much to say about politics except in a prudent, official way. The merit of his book lies in its accounts of people and the often exciting narrative of river journeys in this beautiful country. He writes engagingly about himself. It is uncommon to find a book by an official personage so strongly felt, so pleasantly without side, and in such presentable prose. But it has been noticeable for some little time that the British of the Maugham country have become human beings again, now the Imperial mask is off.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Some Talk of Alexander

The Medieval Alexander. By GEORGE CARY.
Cambridge. 52*s.* 6*d.*

Medieval man, like a Hollywood historian, tended to create the past in his own image, with Roman Emperors in anachronistic armour and early Christians disguised as full-blown Bishops. Tracing these misconceptions is more than a pedant's sport, since it can throw much-needed light on the processes of medieval thought and the would-be principles of medieval action. If as Voltaire remarked, the Holy Roman Empire was neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire, it was at least intended to be all three: and the roots of the intention are as important as the reasons why it failed. This argument, fundamentally, is the justification for studying the various conceptions of Alexander that were current in the Middle Ages. The courtly and romance conception has been made familiar by several scholars; but what was lacking, until the publication of this book, was an attempt to trace those other views of Alexander—some of them less flattering—held by moralists and theologians. The former, relying chiefly on the anecdotes of Cicero, Seneca, and Valerius Maximus, reflected and translated the peripatetic view of their subject. The latter, combining Orosius with the Bible, transformed Alexander into a diabolical prince. Each, moreover, showed the subtle, stubborn, and ingenious intermingling of the classical and Christian influences which shaped and mis-shaped medieval thinking.

This, in sum, is the finding of *The Medieval Alexander*: but the value of the book lies less in its conclusions than in the fascinating by-ways that its contents open up. It divides its subject into two parts, the first a survey of the sources available to medieval students of Alexander, and the second an examination of the moralists, theologians, preachers, secular writers, and others who all turned Alexander to account in their various ways. Formidably documented, the book contains also some useful bibliographical material, a masterly *aperçu* of some further fields of study, and a small collection of rare and essential texts. But more than this, it stands as a permanent memorial of the late George Cary, who died four years ago, at the age of twenty-four. Tactfully and ably revised by Dr. David Ross (who has also added some charming illustrations collected from the codices), *The Medieval Alexander* is in substance the dissertation with which Cary won his fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1950. A mine of curiosities for the general medievalist, it reveals most sadly how much Trinity and the world of scholarship lost by George Cary's death.

RICHARD MAYNE

Subaqueous History

Man Explores the Sea. By JAMES DUGAN.
Hamish Hamilton. 30*s.*

South from the Red Sea. By HAROUN TAZIEFF.
Lutterworth. 18*s.*

The Great Diving Boom goes on. It was due to James Dugan that *The Silent World* was first written in English and then translated into Cousteau's native French. Since then almost every tide has been bringing to the surface literary flotsam, much of which had been better left on the bottom. I hope that this has not swamped the market for Mr. Dugan, who has now written the second best book on underwater exploration. His knowledge is encyclopædic and accurate. Fortunately he knows how to select, and his lively and lucid histories of aspects of diving are drawn impartially from many nations. He has also made a superb choice of illustrations.

Much that happens under water—or in one's attempts to get there—is bizarre, so there is scope for terse and robust humour. And pioneers make good reading. They come far earlier than one would expect. James I travelled down the Thames in a submarine. The Sappers taught the Navy by doing the first big salvage job, the *Royal George*, in 1839. "By 1869, the year *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* was published, at least twenty-five crew-carrying submarines had been built and dived successfully." Louis Boutan took the first underwater photographs in 1893. J. E. Williamson made a full-length underwater film of Jules Verne's story in 1915—forty years before Walt Disney.

I was sorry to miss Lethbridge, an Englishman who dived in the early eighteenth century with his arms sticking out through neat's-leather sleeves from a wooden barrel "with as much Air as could be blown into it, with a Pair of Bellows, at the Time of his going down." Otherwise Mr. Dugan's choice is admirable: the great work of the Haldanes on what happens to the human body under pressure occupies the best part of a chapter, Hans Hass needs no more than a paragraph. The rival Italian and French bathyscaphes are treated in equal detail. Cousteau is not overlionised—though it is untrue to pretend that he and Dumas have always set their faces against depth-records. Had they done so, Maurice Fargues might still be alive.

Besides being a history of underwater exploration, this is also an account of its purposes, geographic, biological, archæological and even agricultural. Submarine geology is only touched upon. This is a theme of *South from the Red Sea*. Its cover flaunts the exotic name Haroun Tazieff across the chest of a mud-beplastered African with a scarlet ring through his lower lip.

It is a slight anti-climax to find that M. Tazieff is a fair-haired and ordinary-looking French geologist with a passion for rift-valleys and the volcanoes that fester around them. This took him with Cousteau to the Red Sea, a peculiarly typical rift-valley—as successive contours on the *Calypso's* echo-sounder proved—where he dived with other scientists round the small and disappointingly non-volcanic island of Abu-Lat. The glory below this fertile sea is splendidly conveyed—though the translation, otherwise very readable, fumbles the technicalities—and it gave him a taste for diving that could not resist proving the cowardice of crocodiles under the waters of Lake Tanganyika. Volcanoes, however, are his real *forte*. His geologist's curiosity led him on two vivid adventures, trespassing in a Belgian National Park to climb down to the lake of molten lava in the heart of Nyiragongo, and trekking across remote and burning desert to the volcano Teleki. This is agreeable and well-written adventure with a purpose, which would have been easier to follow had the publisher provided adequate maps.

RICHARD GARNETT

Searchlight on the Russian Steam Roller

The Soviet Army. Edited by B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 36*s*.

This book is in effect, though not in intention, a *Festschrift* for Basil Liddell Hart. A formidable array of military talent has assembled from Europe and the United States at the summons of this penetrating and influential thinker, who has done more than any other man to restore intelligence to its place in the conduct of war. The small number of British contributors may or may not be sadly significant; but the man who can persuade Manstein and Weygand, Dittmar and Miksche to play in the same team can afford to dispense with domestic talent; and such British contributions as there are provide some of the best pages in the book.

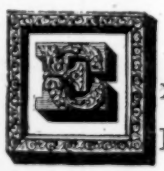
Altogether some 30 scholars and soldiers contributed to this work. On so small a field some overlapping is inevitable, but many of the contributions are so meagre as barely to justify their inclusion. As always in such galaxies, it is not always the greatest luminaries which shed the most light; and while it is a cause for congratulation that Weygand and Guderian and Blumentritt and Guillaume should have consented to contribute, their comments contain little in the way either of information or of judgment that could not come from younger and obscurer men. Half a dozen scholars, consulting such experienced commanders as they thought necessary, might have produced at least as useful a book. Indeed this volume is saved from scrappiness mainly by a hard core of first-rate articles: Messrs. Schapiro and Mackintosh on the origins of the army and its growth to 1940, Captain Liddell Hart's own quite masterly account of the 1941-5 campaign, and Colonel Ely's summary of post-war developments. If one reads these, and then adds trimmings to taste from the remaining three dozen chapters, the work, though variegated, is solid and satisfying enough.

The book falls roughly into three sections, pre-war, wartime and post-war; and whereas the two British scholars dominate the first and German soldiers the second, the third is very largely in the hands of such American experts as Colonel Reinhardt, Colonel Ely and Dr. Garthoff. The quality of their work is hard to assess. They are certainly most informative. With more than Teutonic thoroughness they dissect every branch of the service, every aspect of military life and training; yet it must be stated that they show up very badly when one compares their work with the shorter and far more penetrating observations of such men as Sir David Kelly, Sir Eric Ashby and M. Koriakov. One suspects that though these Pentagon experts know everything that there is to know on paper *about* the Red Army, they have still not begun to *know* it. A good intelligence officer must after all have the imagination of a historian, if not of a poet. He requires not only factual knowledge but an almost intuitive insight; and this is what Dr. Garthoff and Colonel Reinhardt seem conspicuously to lack. They are too concerned with the threat which the Red Army offers the Free West to try very hard to understand it. The organisation they describe might be Martian, so few human qualities are they prepared to accord it. Certainly the Red Army is enormous, disciplined, indoctrinated and efficient; but it consists of men, and of Russians at that. "The soulless discipline and rigid timetable", comments M. Koriakov, in an outstanding chapter,

> are demanded not only by the specific nature of a dictatorship, but also by the quality of the recruits entering the Soviet Army. Lads from the backwoods need a lot of unremitting training before they become good soldiers. However much you pull in your belts, they insist on going about beltless. The daily routine looks terrifying on paper, but in actual fact it is not being carried out. For example, at 6 a.m., the moment Reveille is sounded, everyone is supposed to dash out of the barracks for physical jerks. But as a rule only half of the company does so. It is still dark at 6 a.m. in the winter and the men hide in corners, behind the stove or in the washroom . . . should an officer appear in the doorway, the orderly will rise slowly, and before saluting will glance at the officer's shoulder badge. . . . Junior officers he salutes with just a nod.

The information collected here is immensely impressive, and will be of the greatest value to western soldiers and politicians; but one could wish that we had been given more illustrative examples such as this. They help us more than a great many statistics.

MICHAEL HOWARD



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Week-end Competition

No. 1,402

Set by Brian Hill

Competitors are invited to produce a verse translation of this poem by Gérard de Nerval:

En voyage, on s'arrête, on descend de voiture;
Puis entre deux maisons on passe à l'aventure,
Des chevaux, de la route et des fouets étourdi,
L'oeil fatigué de voir et le corps engourdi.

Et voici tout à coup, silencieuse et verte,
Une vallée humide et de lilas couverte,
Un ruisseau qui murmure entre les peupliers,
Et la route et le bruit sont bien vite oubliés!

On se couche dans l'herbe et l'on s'écoute vivre,
De l'odeur du foin vert à loisir on s'enivre,
Et sans penser à rien on regarde les cieux...
Hélas! une voix crie: "En voiture, messieurs!"

Entries by January 22.

Result of No. 1,399

Set by Thersites

Competitors are invited to submit, in not more than 150 words, the first or last paragraph of an imaginary novel entitled *Goldeneye*, to be written by one of the following authors: Kingsley Amis, William Golding, Henry Green, Graham Greene, Daphne du Maurier, Nancy Mitford, Evelyn Waugh or Ian Fleming.

Report

For once at least political passion sharpened the wits and a really brilliant entry resulted. Though Miss Mitford and Mr. Waugh were conspicuous by their comparative absence, John Digby made a near hit out of Uncle Matthew's entrenching tool and the famous rat-hunt:

"Anyone with half an eye," he said furiously, "can see what these foreign sewers are up to. Starting up this bacteriological warfare against the Prime Minister himself. And the place literally choked with every flatfoot from Scotland Yard."

He polished the tool vigorously on his sleeve. "Even if it comes to riding in one of those damned flying machines, I'm going out there, and knock hell out of those rats, myself."

I also liked Trooper Jones's slice of Henry Green life below-stairs:

"He'd never catch a rat that had lost all its legs not now he wouldn't," he murmured in a voice of deep content.

Several competitors failed to realise that the novel was meant to commemorate a unique historical occasion and submitted entries that were admirable as parody but failed to qualify in the terms set. Such were Philip Kershaw's Amis and A. W. Dicker's Ian Fleming. Anon's Henry Green was a delight but, alas, it was also libellous! A guinea and a half each to the four entries printed below.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

I shall always remember Goldeneye as it was that glorious November day. Massed frangipani bushes threw out an overpowering odour, and the golden house looked like a jewel among the magnolia, peristoneum and blood-lilies. "This is it," said my husband. I had never seen such a place. The purple and scarlet sunset silhouetted the squadrons of armoured cars who were hurrying to greet us. "Darling!" I whispered, "it's heavenly!" He stiffened suddenly and perhaps I should have guessed then. "Can you smell petrol?" he muttered hoarsely....

I turned suddenly as the Rolls slid silently up to Blackboy's Point. In the distance Goldeneye seemed withdrawn and powerless, as if it knew we were leaving its warm tropical influence for ever. "How strange to think of London and the cold," I murmured. My husband turned. "It may be warmer than you think," he said, a little sadly I thought. In the darkening forest a boadicea-bird croaked twice.

J. E. HINDER

IAN FLEMING

Through the window Bond could see that the VIP was reading peacefully. He crawled away through the mimosa bushes, carefully avoiding the corpses of would-be assassins that strewed his path. The frogman suit made the going difficult. He wished he hadn't left the plane in Cuba and walked the rest of the way on the sea bed. If only that infernal barracuda hadn't chewed off his left leg! But only one thing really worried him—that sunburnt man who had said he was Noel Coward and had muttered something that sounded like "Feelthy British!" as he went in through the front door. Bond's thoughts turned to Voluptua Cask, back in England looking after the Bentley. He thought of her superb lines and the swelling protruberance of her Amherst-Villiers supercharger. Sighing lustfully, he stepped into the sea.

AUSTIN BAKER

KINGSLEY AMIS

"Just for a quiet rest, you understand."

Coxon's Stirling-Moss-without-gas face melted into his snake-in-the-grass one, praying hands wriggling tailwise behind him, venomous tongue-tip darting in and out with incredible rapidity....

"And must on no account be disturbed."

Icy knot of agonised humanity beside the green phial blotched with thumb-prints, spread-eagled corpse with spilt jam-pudding brains....

"We must go very warily, Coxon."

Feathered and moccasined, Chingachgook crept beneath the gigantic redwoods....

The Superintendent's gaze strayed from the paper-knife he was tapping to where his subordinate's feet were making stealthy movements, then switched abruptly upwards. Coxon's eyes became less beadily piercing, the tomahawk fell from his white-knuckled grasp.

"We must be present without being present, if you understand me."

"Precisely, sir." The Invisible Man gibbered unseen at the housekeeper across a heap of tumbled bedclothes....

"Right, then! That's all, Coxon."

J. A. LINDON

GRAHAM GREENE

As he watched the Caribbean night darken swiftly over the beach he could not help thinking of that other night which was gathering almost as quickly and might not end in any morning. Had he, he wondered, been in some way responsible for that darkness? Had he been guilty, here and there, of mistakes, perhaps even of crimes? He shivered slightly; the wind was cold here once the sun had gone. An unaccustomed feeling came over him; he wanted someone, not to advise or encourage him, but to forgive. Not Harold, not Duncan, but someone else. Scarcely realizing what he was doing, he felt his knees bending until they touched the sand; his hands were raised in a stiff, unnatural pose. He was praying.

D. A. J. S.

City Lights

Nerves of Steel

Only fish-and-chip eaters are now interested in the columnists' cautious tips for 1957, the new year is sufficiently old for misdated cheques to suggest more than absent-mindedness, and the City is sobering down. A fourth cut in the Treasury bill rate has kept the gilt-edged market bubbling merrily; but equity investors, looking round after their little rush forward and seeing nothing but headlines about the oil muddle, are losing their enthusiasm. Sackings in the motor industry are beginning to provoke demands for a cut in purchase-tax, the wage-claim season is in full swing, and oil prices are still going up. Dear money has put up the profits of the banks and discount houses, the switch of savings into premium bonds last month fell off so sharply as to multiply by four the odds against winning a prize next July, and the Monopolies Commission has depressed the British Oxygen shares by declaring that the company's profits are unjustifiably high.

* * *

Steel company reports are coming out fast, and the readability prize looks like going to the

chairman of South Durham Iron and Steel. Mr. B. Chetwynd Talbot seems to be a man of honest beliefs and endearing outspokenness, irritated extremely by the fact that the return of the steel industry to private enterprise has not entailed full freedom to operate as private enterprise would like to operate. He objects to the fact that exports (at a price well above the domestic level) are being restricted to meet the needs of home consumers. He feels that the Iron and Steel Federation should cease to play the go-between, since it has no responsibility affecting profits; the directors of the company, who are now responsible for its profitable working, who wish to maintain the value of the shares at a high level, and who intend to consider raising the dividend when the Suez situation is clearer, should be free to put their own case.

All this harks back to the row about expanding steel capacity and raising steel prices. Plate and tube production will have to be increased pretty sharply, and South Durham is involved. The "storm of criticism" which greeted the recent "long-overdue" price increase was anticipated, and "comprises the continuation of similar statements over a long number of years by consuming industries endeavouring to explain away their own inabilities to compete in export markets. . . ." "It has been evident for a long while to many of us entrusted with the responsibility of operations and developments that adequate attempts are not being made by industry to keep in step with their competitors abroad, and an overhaul of methods of production is desirable."

* * *

If forced into expansion, the steel industry means consumers to pay for it quickly. A long article in the British Iron and Steel Federation quarterly journal comes to two main conclusions. The first is that depreciation on steel plant can only be met by restoring the investment allowance (which seems to me a good idea) or exempting from tax the full amount of depreciation allowed in prices by the Iron and Steel Board (an equally good idea, in my opinion, but one suggesting precedents likely to upset any normal Chancellor). The second suggestion is that in financing the coming expansion programme there will be a gap of around £20m. a year, entailing a further rise in average steel prices of 48s. a ton on top of any rises to offset cost increases. "Cheap steel gives little advantage if cheapness is bought at the price of shortage . . . if there is a clash between low prices and adequate expansion, which does the consumer choose?"

The argument, which Texas oil producers will recognise, gains in plausibility from that fact that high taxation has made it necessary for most companies to finance part of their investment from retained profits. The question is, how much? The normal way of financing a long-term expansion programme of this kind would be to raise fresh capital. The BISF refuses to envisage an inflow of funds from outside at more than double the recent rate, principally because the supply of risk capital—particularly to the steel industry—is limited. But so far as loan capital is concerned, "it may well be that the limits will be set by the industry's desire to avoid a high fixed-interest equity ratio." Basically, in fact, the industry seems anxious to force consumers to pay for its expansion over an absurdly short period of time because it likes high share prices and because it is still looking back over its shoulder at the risks of over-expansion.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 374. Hastings Tradition

It may be due to the inherent conservatism of the international chess fraternity or to the lack of any other regular event of similarly venerable tradition; whatever the reason, Hastings has a unique appeal and an almost magical spell for chessplayers, eager to compete in any of the major or minor tournaments or even to be mere *kibitzers* and to meet friends from overseas who make the pilgrimage every year. As for the Premier (revitalised by tournament director F. A. Rueben), most grandmasters would gladly forfeit far more lucrative assignments rather than miss their chance of an invitation to Hastings. There were four of them this time, and "near-grandmaster" Olafsson. Here, with some of his comments, is his win against Penrose.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) P-K3, P-B4, (5) Kt-B3, O-O; (6) B-Q3, Kt-B3; (7) O-O, B x Kt; (8) P x B, P-Q3; (9) Kt-Q2, P-K4; (10) Kt-Kt3, R-Kt1; (11) P-B3! [White doesn't take the bait of the QBP, seeing the strong attack Black would get after . . . Q-R4 and . . . P-K5.] . . . P-QKt3; (12) P-K4, Kt-KR4; (13) P-Kt3, B-R6? [Decisive mistake.] (14) R-B2, P-Kt3; (15) P-Q5, Kt-Kt1. [If . . . Kt-K2; P-B4-B5, etc.] (16) P-R4, P-R4; (17) B-R6, Kt-Q2? (B-B1!); (18) Q-Q2, Kt-Kt2; (19) P-Kt4, Kt-B1; (20) K-R1, P-B4; (21) KtP x P, R-R2 (best); (22) R-KKt1, P x P; (23) P x P, K-R1. [Olafsson thinks that . . . Q-R5 would have given him more trouble.] (24) B-Kt5, Q-B1; (25) B-B6, B x P; (26) Q-R6, KR-K2; (27) R(2)-KKt2, resigns.

A few months younger than 21-year-old Olafsson is Bent Larsen, the Dane, a veritable grandmaster on the strength of his magnificent top-board record in the Moscow team tournament. He is a student of engineering which would seem to be by no means his only way of emulating Botvinnik. More about him in a week or two. Meanwhile, here—Gligoric–O'Kelly—is a game significant for Gligoric's truly grandmasterly quality of forcing a win when most needed.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) O-O, B-K2; (6) R-K1, P-QKt4; (7) B-Kt3, P-Q3; (8) P-B3, O-O; (9) P-KR3, Kt-QR4; (10) B-B2, P-B4; (11) P-Q4, Q-B2; (12) QKt-Q2, Kt-B3; (13) P x BP, P x P; (14) P-QR4, R-Kt1; (15) P x P, P x P; (16) Kt-B1, B-Q3; (17) B-Kt5, Kt-K1; (18) Kt-K3, P-B3; (19) Kt-Q5, Q-Kt2; (20) B-K3, B-K3; (21) Kt-Q2, Kt-B2; (22) Kt-Kt3, P-B5; (23) Kt-B5, B x Kt; (24) B x B, KR-Q1; (25) Q-R5, B-B2; (26) Q-R4, Kt-K3; (27) B-Kt6, R-K1; (28) P-QKt3, Kt-B5; (29) P x P, Kt-Kt3; (30) Q-Kt4, B x Kt; (P x P?); (31) KP x B, Q x B; (32) P x Kt, Q x P; (33) P x P, Q x BP; (34) B x Kt, P x B; (35) Q x P, R-K2; (36) QR-Kt1, R(2)-Kt2, (37) KR-QB1, Q-Q5; (38 R-R6, K-B1; (39) Q-B2, Q-Q2 (R x P?); (40) P-Kt6, and soon won.

The Hungarian grandmaster, thrice victor at Hastings, was out of form this time. The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which he demolished Black most elegantly. **B**—White to win—and **C**—a draw—shouldn't be too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by January 21.

A: L. Szabo 1937

B: M. Lewitt 1917

C: Leonid Kubbel 1922

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 371. Set December 22

A: (1) Q-R1 ch, K x Q; (2) Kt x R, etc. If (1) . . . K-Kt6; (2) Q-B3, etc.

B: (1) . . . R x Kt ch; (2) K-B3, Q x R ch; (3) R x Q, R x R ch; (4) Q-Q3, R x Q ch; (5) P x R, Kt-B7; (6) P-Q4, Kt x QP ch; (7) K-K3, and the R mustn't complete the sign of the Cross.

C: (1) Kt(5)-B6 ch, P x Kt; (2) P x B ch, P x P; (3) R-R4 ch, B-K5; (4) R(4) x B ch, P x R; (5) B-K5 ch, P x B; (6) R x R ch, Kt-Q4; (7) R x Kt ch, P x R; (8) Kt-B6 mate.

D: (1) R-QB4, P-B3; (2) Q-Kt1, P-B4; (3) R-B2, P-B5; (4) K-Q2 ch, K-B7; (5) Q-K1 ch, Q x Q mate.
if (1) . . . P-B4; (2) R-B2, P-B5; (3) Kt-K4, P-B6; (4) R x KtP ch, K(Q) x R; (5) Q-B1 ch, Q x Q mate.

E: (1) R-KR7, Q-Q1 ch; (2) K-B2, Q-B1 ch; (3) K-Kt2, Q-K3; (4) P-B5, etc.

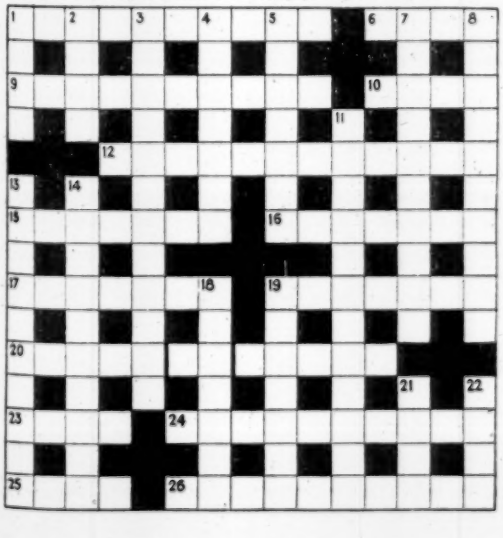
F: (1) R-Q8, P – Q; (2) R x Kt, Q-QR8; (3) R-Q4, Q-R3; (4) R-Q1, Q-QB3; (5) P-Kt4, P x P; (6) P-K4, Q x P; (7) P – Kt ch. if (2) . . . Q x R; (3) P – Kt ch, K-R4; (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-R3; (5) Kt x Q, P-Kt5; (6) K-Kt8, P-Kt4; (7) K-B7, P-B5; (8) P x P, P x P; (9) P x P, P-R4; (10) P-B5, sP-R5; (11) P-B6, P-R6; (12) K-K6, P-R7; (13) P-B7, P – Q; (14) P – Q ch, K-R4; (15) Kt-B6 ch, K-R5; (16) Q-R8 ch, K-Kt6; (17) Kt-K4 ch, etc.

Ladder points galore, even though most competitors dropped a few here and there. Still, quite a few got full marks. W. H. L. Brooking's and N. G. Wilson's alternative solution for **D** accepted. They share prizes with E. Croker, Leslie Hale, C. J. Morse, T. J. Simmonds.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 233

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 233, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 22.



ACROSS

1. This career is novel, but the young man shows signs of impatience (10).
6. Failures in ragged clothes (4).
9. To pursue and seize a saint they are worn in church (10).
10. Condition or name (4).
12. Hire a building as a school (12).
15. Rumour of corn among the fodder (7).
16. The fault lies with me in returning weary (7).
17. Gives back the profits (7).
19. Be in a London suburb where you can get an illegal drink (7).
20. It is an even chance that the capital kind is unwell (5, 2, 5).
23. Prostrate with face turned about (4).
24. Expect me before the head after a caper (10).
25. Celebrated period (4).
26. Rushing around a headland putting on equipment (10).

DOWN

1. County borders (4).
2. Ship not quite long enough for freight (4).
3. Not a fashion magazine, but it helps to keep one's garments smart (12).
4. Antipathy regally transformed (7).
5. Betoken what is left on the tail (7).
7. How to make a universal ruler find calm (10).
8. Reptile in Eastern lake (10).
11. Officials slain in disorder underneath the house (12).
13. Modern weapons bring misfortunes to Christianity (10).
14. Stopping the generation throw away its share (10).
18. Fighting in the main plant (7).
19. The invasion operation is alone confounded (7).
21. Monkey author (4).
22. Height for a composer (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 231

A	P	O	S	T	L	E		A	D	M	I	R	A	L
C	■	P	■	R	■	L	■	D	■	A	■	O	■	I
C	O	P	R	A	■	S	N	O	D	G	R	A	S	S
U	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	L	■	P	■	S	■	T
S	C	R	O	L	L	■	B	E	L	I	T	T	L	E
E	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	N
S	Q	U	A	R	E	I	N	C	H	■	A	M	I	S
■	■	M	■	S	■	N	■	E	■	B	■	I	■	■
L	E	E	K	■	T	U	R	N	T	A	B	L	E	S
O	■	■	■	N	■	T	■	T	■	R	■	L	■	P
C	O	N	F	I	N	E	S	■	D	O	M	I	N	O
K	■	I	■	M	■	B	■	U	■	N	■	C	■	N
J	A	C	K	B	O	O	T	S	■	E	M	E	N	D
A	■	E	■	L	■	O	■	E	■	S	■	N	■	E
W	A	R	B	E	C	K	■	R	O	S	E	T	T	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 231

L. Bale (Enniscorthy), M. Curtis (Canberra), Mrs. W. Bacon (Finchley).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council. Holland Park School, Campden Hill Road, W.8. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open September, 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning September, 1957. Burnham Group 22 based on estimated unit total of 3,250 for 1962. School will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in commerce, engineering, needlecraft, photography, music and for general courses of study. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress, with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of responsibility, and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Holland), (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable with further particulars from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Closing date January 26, 1957. Parliament Hill School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. Headmistress required for this 9-form entry secondary school for 1,350 girls; vacancy due to retirement of present headmistress. Head teacher allowance expected to be approximately £1,099, making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances (and including three-sevenths equal pay additions) about £2,099. School offers wide variety of courses, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). There is ample provision for general studies in commerce, dressmaking, tailoring and catering. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Parliament) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter), obtainable with further particulars from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Closing date January 26, 1957 (5)

A NATIONALLY known modern manufacturing Company will shortly have a vacancy for a Chief Statistician due to an internal promotion. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men who should have a degree in statistics (honours preferred) plus a very sound background in economics; in addition a degree in economics would be an advantage as would several years' industrial experience. The Statistical Department provides a full statistical service to all divisions of the Company. The Chief Statistician's position is therefore very wide in scope and he must be able to cope with and undertake forecasting and advise on sampling techniques used by the marketing and consumer research departments of the Company. The starting salary will not be less than £2,000 p.a. and applications should be sent to Chief Personnel Officer, Box 9319. Envs. should be endorsed "Chief Statistician."

LONDON County Council. Garnett College (Training College for Technical Teachers, 83 New Kent Road, S.E.1). Principal: C. Jameson M.Ed., B.Sc. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Lecturer; person appointed will be required to take part in instruction relating to General Theory and Practice of Education, with special reference to Further Education, and undertake some tutorial responsibility and other work on teaching method applicable to subjects included in the general education of Young Workers, teaching experience in an establishment of further education essential, and experience with young people in industry an advantage. Training College Salary. Appointment will be to the Council's service with assignment to this college. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from and returnable to Principal at college (S.A.E. F'scap) by January 21. (2478).

PERSONNEL Officer for London factory. Main responsibility is to assist his Production Unit Manager to deal effectively with all aspects of Personnel policy. This includes development of emerging techniques in studying organisation and specific jobs and matching people to them. (Training will be given.) Qualifications: Degree or comparable qualifications in engineering, natural or social science, or law; experience in industry preferably in work study and personnel. Age 25 to 35. Commencing salary to £1,000. Personnel Manager (Ref. 699), Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Ealing Rd., Wembley, Middlesex.

PART-TIME Interviewer required. Applicants must be women living in the London Area, have pleasant business-like appearance, good speaking voice and a ready ability for introducing themselves to strangers. Age 25-45. Interviewers must be available to work at least 3 full days a week either in Greater London or in both London and Provinces. Please write, giving full details of age, education and experience, to the Personnel Officer, British Market Research Bureau, 51, Grosvenor Street, W.1.

MARKET Research Investigators required for full-time interviewing work in London and Provinces. Applicants must be women, possess a pleasant business-like appearance, good speaking voice and a ready ability for introducing themselves to strangers. Age 25-45. Education to school certificate standard at least. A considerable amount of travelling is involved but interviewers must be based in London. Remuneration is by weekly wage plus expenses. Please write, giving full Details to: Personnel Officer, British Market Research Bureau, 51 Grosvenor St., W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as Tutor to one wing (70 students). The duties of Hall Librarian may also be attached to the appointment. Duties to commence in late April, 1957. Stipend not less than £450 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than January 26, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee. An intelligent, energetic, keen, adaptable woman required for unusual work as House Mother in experimental unit. Previous experience with children essential. No paper qualifications necessary. Junior Assistant House Mother also required. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

BRIGHTON Education Committee.—Applications invited from qualified psychiatric social workers for full-time appointment. Salary £495 rising to £750 per annum; initial salary according to experience. Whitley Council conditions of service. Application forms to be returned within two weeks of this advertisement. Further particulars from Director of Educ., 54 Old Steine, Brighton.

ART Editors wanted by publisher making quality books in colour. Should have art school background, and must have originality, intelligence and a will to tackle any job from design and layout to research. Vacancies for (a) experienced editor, and (b) young trainee to act as all-round assistant. Write Box 9408.

McCANN-ERICKSON Advertising, Ltd. In the course of further expanding its Research Department, McCann-Erickson has a vacancy for another Research Executive. Applications are invited from men or women with recognised professional qualifications in psychology, and with sound experience in some field of practical research. Initial salary within range £900-£1,200, depending on qualifications and experience. Applications in full detail to Director of Research, McCann-Erickson Advertising, Ltd., McCann-Erickson House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for post of Assistant in Research and Economic Department. Sound knowledge of economics and related subjects essential; industrial background an additional qualification. Further particulars before January 22 from Sir Vincent Tewson, Trades Union Congress, 23-28 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

FAMILY Service Units wishes to appoint men and women social workers for the extension of its intensive casework service for "problem families." Special training provided. Details concerning salary, qualifications, etc., from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

YOUTH leader, man with experience, required full-time for mixed club in West London. Non-resident post. Pension scheme. Apply, stating experience and qualifications, to Organising Sec., Feathers Clubs Assoc., 29 Mulready St., Marylebone, N.W.8.

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